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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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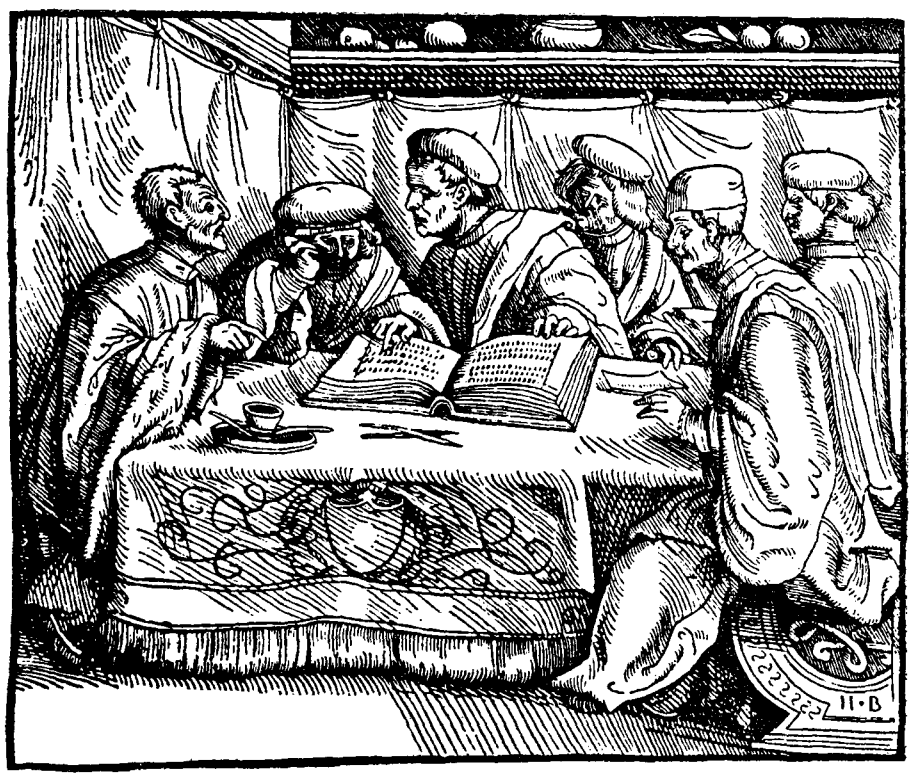

MEDIEVAL SCHOLARS. FROM "THE WORLD WE LIVE IN" (MACMILLAN).

Those Who Know

SOME commodities lag painfully in the general deflation. Stocks came first; it seems that synthetic books will be the last to pop into nothingness.

We have had fat and jubilant years for the ready writer, but they are passed. No longer ago than 1930, the skilful penman had only to open his "Century Book of Names" and check off the notables of whom no post-Stracheyan biography had been written, then rush to his publisher for a contract. Not knowledge, except stale knowledge, not insight except a point of view borrowed from Freud or Jung, not research but reading, not erudition but composition, were required for the job. And there they stand—most of them on the remainder shelves—the thousand new biographies, of which perhaps twenty-five are valuable re-creations of great figures, newly interpreted, perhaps two hundred fresh biographies, poor to good, of new figures (mostly American), hitherto unstudied, and the rest rewrites, some of them edible hash, many of them mere tripe.

It is time and high time for reviewers and readers alike to search the lists for authors who know. We have often in this column maintained the duty of wise men to write at least as well as fools, and condemned the slovenly habits of scholars and scientists who will not learn to tell what we need to know in form and style acceptable and intelligible to a civilized intellect. With the exception of first-rate discoveries of new fact, there is nothing more important at a moment when public opinion is mass opinion than the successful popularizing of what those who know, know to be true. But in the period of inflation this popularized knowledge has been blown to a soap-bubble thinness. The concern has been for easy reading at all costs. The solid and well-written volumes of the late nineteenth century have proliferated with extraordinary fertility as the result of an incestuous union with their own offspring, the plain and humble little handbooks for the multitude we used to know so well. And the product has been a gorgeous but insubstantial creature, got up like a travel book or an illustrated history, written to sell with only what would sell between its covers.

In fiction, also, we have had too little concern for those who know. We have listened avidly to reporters of current life (clever ones too we have had), but the close questioning of their knowledge of society in its largest sense and of human nature in its eternal aspects, which the novelists had to meet when they were regarded as probably frivolous and presumably immoral, has mostly ceased. In the inflated era life seemed to move so fast that the reader no more asked style, form, and philosophy of his novel than of his newspaper. He wanted news.

The great increase in novels that purported to be realistic and non-fiction books in general in the second and third decades was an occasion for praise and congratulation. We do not regret it. But what also happened was a change more subtle and less excellent than we realized. A new cleavage appeared in the reading world. There had been fluffy books for the frivolous reader, and substantial books for the substantial reader. But when books with substance in them began to attract the frivolous, the temptation to capitalize this new interest was too strong to be resisted. The clever pens were quickly recruited to make all knowledge easy, the best-seller lists were soon assaulted by works on portentous themes, and visibly as the market increased for erudition, erudition itself grew less erudite, more second-hand, and less authoritative. And, since the rewards of success were tempting, soon only dull writers and patient readers were left for uncompromising books of sound fact and reasoned opinion.

The cure is not in rhetoric nor criticism (although critics can help), nor yet in research and scholarship. It is in the power of the reader, who can insist, if he wills it, that skill in writing and real knowledge shall once again run together, so that he shall be served only by those who really know at first-hand and by deep scrutiny before they write.

How to Educate Children

By NAOMI MITCHISON

I SUPPOSE I was a bad little girl. I liked school and I loved winning prizes—which I usually managed to do! And also I loved reading fairy tales and story books and poetry. But if I began to suspect that the book I was reading was meant to improve me or to teach me anything, I immediately looked at it with the most fierce suspicion and often refused to go on with it. School was one thing, reading books for my own enjoyment was another. I wasn't going to let them mix!

However, the odd thing was, I didn't so much mind improving books so long as they were grown-up ones. Often, of course, they had special attractions like the pictures of people being eaten by lions in Fox's "Book of Martyrs," or the strange anthropology in the long, old-fashioned travel books that my grandfather had in his library! But if I met those same travel books abbreviated and cleaned up and in general made suitable for the young, some natural perversity and rebelliousness stepped in, and at once I found them boring and stupid.

Yet I don't believe I was really at all unlike other children over this particular perverseness, this dislike of being kindly improved and educated, which may vary in practice from mild uneasiness to positive violence and the destruction of well-meant Christmas presents! I believe it has a real and solid basis in esthetics. The child who objects to having a good story mixed up with instruction is showing better artistic taste than the adult who wrote the book.

For, surely, all art is spoiled by deliberate propaganda. Surely the two things cannot exist side by side in the same piece of work. Art may be propaganda incidentally. We cannot look on the Parthenon frieze without feeling the greatness of citizenship, nor on Breughel's "Massacre of the Innocents" without a passion of indignation against the needless cruelty of man. No doubt, while they were at work, citizenship of Athens was in the mind of Phidias, and indignation against the cruelties of the Spaniards was in the mind of Breughel; but they made their works of art simply, directly, as sculpture or as painting, without trying to induce the spectator to have any non-esthetic judgment about them. The same thing applies to stories for children, in so far as they are art. And more and more, we and our children are insisting on it that they should be art! They must be regarded esthetically. If there is to be anything educational about them, that must be an integral part of them. But if the propaganda stands out and breaks the artistic unity, the whole thing stands condemned.

In the old-fashioned children's stories which had moral rather than educational purposes, the moral was all part of it, and so, acceptable. It would be impossible to make a bowdlerised version of that really very unkind and dreadful story, "Rosamund and the Purple Jar," because the moral is inextricably interwoven with the plot; Thomas Hardy could scarcely have thickened the atmosphere of doom! As a child I enjoyed it thoroughly, and modern children enjoy it too, partly, no doubt, because it is impossible to take the moral seriously, but partly because it has a magnificent kind of sham unity. But nowadays morals—and especially moral chastisements—are quite out of fashion. The demand is all for education and more education, stories dealing with history, engineering, exploration, fine needlework, astronomy or bookkeeping by double entry. There is so much to be squashed in somehow or another in the three score years and ten!

But how are we to get it all in? Well, my theory is that if one must have education out of hours and mixed up with pleasure reading, it should be put quite separately, as shortly and compactly as possible, in the shape of prefaces or notes. Nobody, after all, has got to read notes. They are separate; they don't spoil the flow of the story, the unity. And the odd thing is, that if some bit of the book is kept separate and rather dry and unattractive, one is very, very likely to read it—out of the same spirit of perversity in another incarnation, I suppose. How I enjoyed the notes in Scott! How well I remember them now, when most of the novels themselves have gone hopelessly out of my head! How exciting the notes and references are in Jacob's excellent volumes of fairy tales, and how they enhanced the tales themselves, although one kept them entirely separate in one's imagination.

American children's books are, on the whole, much better than English ones, yet it seems to me that the very best of the English ones are best of all, because the element of didacticism is not in them. No educationalist could make anything out of Richard Hughes's latest story-book, nor from Madariaga's completely fascinating "Sir Bob"; they are the real stuff of the dreams we used to have before Freud was a household word! I have noticed once or twice, when my own children have been reading American stories, that their delight at the admirable competence of

This Week

HOW NOT TO EDUCATE CHILDREN.
By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON.

THE DRAGON AND THE MILLER.
By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

"THE THREE OWLS."
Reviewed by BERTHA MAHONY.

"THE HOLE IN THE WALL."
Reviewed by ANNE CARROLL MOORE.

PICTURE BOOKS.
Reviewed by RACHEL FIELD.

"GUN NOTCHES."
Reviewed by STRUTHERS BURT.

"VANYA OF THE STREETS."
Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL.

THE BOWLING GREEN.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week, or Later

"CROWDED YEARS," by WILLIAM GIBBS MCADOO.
Reviewed by HON. JOSEPHUS DANIELS.

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the books, the excellent production, and completely satisfying pictures, was mixed with a certain uneasiness. They could not explain quite what it was, but I am almost sure myself that it was the improving element, so skilfully put in as to be hardly perceptible, which was obscurely bothering them.

Again, of course, the very best American books are not intentionally improving, though they may be extremely educational to English children. Long Island has ceased to be a mere name for my boys since reading Christopher Morley's "I Know a Secret," though they may have got odd ideas about the behavior of New York squirrels towards Christmas time! Carl Sandburg's stories, too, are full of strange and fascinating western words which may stick in the head when a geography lesson is forgotten. And the same must often be true for English books in America. But this is not intentional education, so nobody resents it.

I do feel very strongly that real education has its own *arete*, its own peculiar goodness, which is not at all the same as the goodness of art, and which should not be mixed up with it. Education should be hard and tough and separate, with the attraction not of soft caramels in an open box—as some people seem to envisage it!—but of green apples in a stranger's orchard. Children like solid things to bite on, nuts and hard apples and bones and facts. They can tackle facts in the same way that the ostrich tackles stones, bright, hard, wonder-making facts. They can pick them up and tuck them away almost indefinitely between the ages of five and fourteen, and the mental digestion never seems to suffer. After that for most children facts begin to lose some of their attraction; there comes instead a longing for theory and system and a fitting-in of the great accumulation. But before that, nothing in the way of facts comes amiss, so long as they are plain, straight-forward facts, difficult perhaps, but not served up with a sauce of fiction or, on the other hand, too many steps beyond the point in knowledge at which the child has just arrived. As soon as a child can read and write quite easily, the passion for lists first seems to start, the same passion which is apt to go on all one's life and entangle one at the most advanced age with bulb catalogues. Collecting is, I suppose, only a more concrete form of lists. One may collect stamps or butterflies, but undoubtedly the most amusing and varied things to collect are facts. Most children find that out for themselves, though, if they are spoon-fed with facts made pleasant and easy and sugared over with fiction, they may perhaps never find it out at all. For the fun is to dig up and collect one's own facts—later on, one's own theories—from life and from books. One cannot collect facts indefinitely from life, especially if one is a town child leading a sheltered existence, but books are an inexhaustible mine. Besides facts, one must, of course, have fantasy, but let them be separate, each exercising a different part of the mind, each with its own *arete*.

So to my mind the best reading for a child of over eight, say—for before that this collecting of facts from books has hardly begun—is a mixture of the purest fiction and fantasy, including poetry—and when I say poetry I mean poetry, not poetry for children! — with plenty of solid and dull-looking stuff from which the nuggets of fact can be mined. There must, certainly, be plenty of books available, varied books on all sorts of subjects, for the collecting mind will sometimes be hunting for one set of things, sometimes for another. The kind of thing which appears to be indefinitely attractive to most children is some technical book on engines, say, written not for the young but for a non-expert mechanic. Catalogues, again, seem to be a sure draw, those engineering or wireless catalogues, which always fill me with dismay and bewilderment, but which seem to provide meat and drink for my own children! Something in the boys' minds seems to be lighted up and set going; these component parts of machines are not meaningless; the facts fall together and start working. And, lo and behold, the fairy of applied mathematics has descended!

I think this business of facts applies to all the sciences and most of the arts. Over the learning of history it applies in a way still more forcibly. For history can be more easily distorted and sugared over than chemistry. School history is very largely distorted, and though the distortion is usually not so marked for the adult, yet it is there still. In particular, our views of world history and of classical history are deliberately falsified by most school and out-of-school books. There are museums—among them some of the greatest—which have collections of Greek vases, but only put out on show those which are strictly decent, a proceeding which would be perfectly reasonable in a private house but which is indefensible in an educational establishment. History books do the same thing. They leave out not only essential facts, but also states of mind of the past, and those written for the young are worst of all. It is these children's books—and many of us never read any history after we are grown up—which make us think of the past as inhabited by persons who were either noble-minded and very boring, or wicked and quite unconvincing: people, anyhow, without bodies. Book people. Paper people. In those school, or out-of-school, books the Greeks pace nobly in a kind of white night-gown through colonnades of the purest plaster, discoursing, oh so dully, of the True, the Good, and the Beautiful. No wonder that most grown men and women think more or less in secret what Henry Ford has had the courage to shout from the housetops: History is Bunk.

That's not necessary. Fill out those people with facts. On facts, clearly seen and clearly put, they will come alive. To history above all we owe the truth. History for children should be a series of near views, not fitted together into a philosophy or even very much into a chronological order. Let them see the trees clearly and sharply: it will be time enough later for them to see the wood.

So my conclusion is to beware of mixing education and art. It seems at first a very pleasant and plausible mixture, but it is all wrong really. Let your facts be clear and bright and well presented, but don't try to make them attractive with the sugar of fiction.

Naomi Mitchison is an English author who has received high praise from critics in both Great Britain and America for her novels and tales of classical and Anglo-Saxon times.

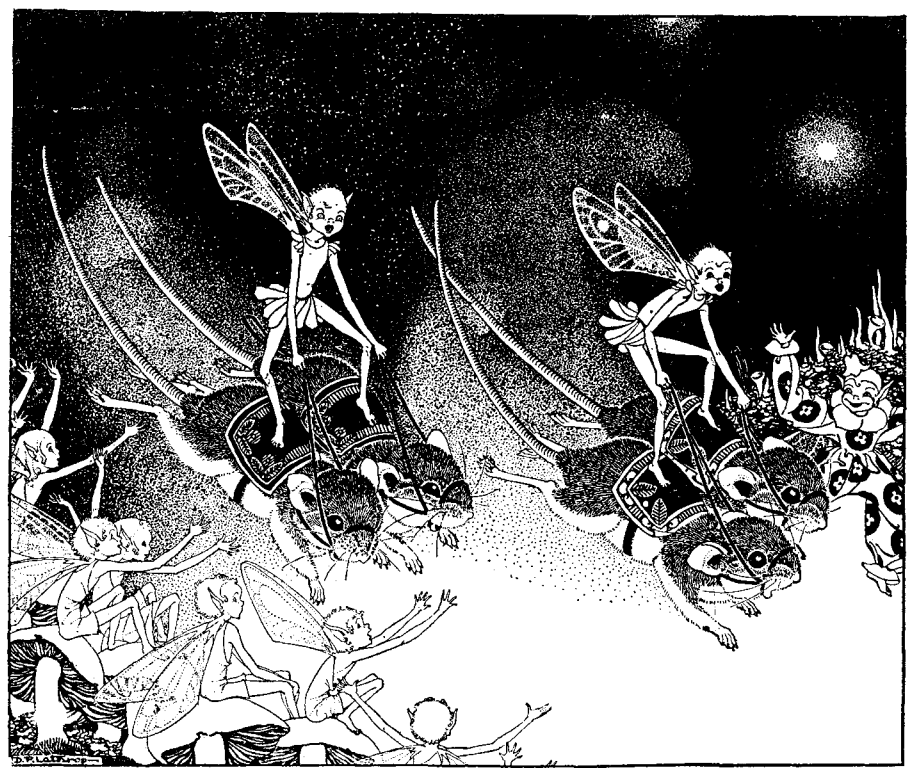
A Fairy Pageant

THE FAIRY CIRCUS. By DOROTHY P. LATHROP. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1931. $3.

Reviewed by MARCIA DALPHIN

LAST year at this season a solemn reviewer of grown-up books wrote a piece on books for children in which he said with cutting mildness that after reading pages and pages of reviews of them he could never remember anything that was said. He meant, we suspect, not so much to criticize the ineptness of the reviewers as the poverty of the books. I wish there were any words in my vocabulary strong enough and persuading enough to beat on ears like his and make them know that here is a book for children which for qualities of beauty and imagination will stand comparison with the very best we have.

For perhaps a decade Dorothy Lathrop has been recognized as an illustrator of unusual quality. Her charming, highly interpretative drawings for Walter de la Mare's poetry and "The Three Mulla-Mulgars," for "The Princess and Curdie," and "Mopsa the Fairy," and the inimitable pictures for "Hitty," are known everywhere. Her illustration for Sara Teasdale's "Stars To-Night" added to those lovely verses a frosty, glittering wonder. Now, finally, she shows in "The Fairy Circus" that she is an artist in words as well as in line and color. Close your eyes to the pictures (if you can) and still you carry away a clear vision of the memorable night when the fairies were caught under a circus tent out in the meadow and, watching from the vantage points where they had scrambled for safety behind mullein stalks and blueberry bushes, admired, envied, and finally ended with the triumphant idea of having a circus of their own then and there.



FROM "THE FAIRY CIRCUS."

This conceit Miss Lathrop—using the familiar things in the woods that every country bred person knows, the flowers and fruit and fungi, the little moles and mice, and weaving them in to her fairy pageant both as background and actors—has worked out with a keenness of observation and perfection of detail that is sheer genius. It is amazing how the woods animals lend themselves to her fancy of them as circus performers. You might guess that the fairies would make the most graceful and fearless trapeze artists (they scorned to use their wings in this act), running up the ladders and jumping into the gauzy nets the spiders had spun; that they would be unexcelled in bareback riding and juggling with the dandelion puffs; that they would make the world's best clowns: but would you have thought of the squirrels as lions, with their tails twisted mane-like, round their necks, looking fierce and growling? Or the possibilities in turtles for ponderous, heavy footed elephants? Or the efts as performing seals and the shrews as trick dogs, their little fat backs wrinkling as they stand on their fore feet?

In my opinion this is *the* picture book of the year—and of many years, and our children's children will be loving it to tatters as long as there is anyone left who reads fairy tales or goes to the circus. It is the kind of book in which each will have his favorite page. "I like best the baby field mice drawing the pony cart in the parade." "No, the best of all is the clown in the frontispiece running behind the snail and whipping him on." "Nonsense!" another will say, "The frightened fairy child in front of the snake charmer is the loveliest touch in the whole book!" And so it will go.

Possibly the most amazing thing about the whole enchanting book is the way in which Miss Lathrop has kept up the atmosphere of sustained excitement so characteristic of the real circus. Yet it is not an excitement which exhausts, like that of the sawdust ring. The action takes place in cool, green rings of moss lit by fireflies and there is a difference. Perhaps a clue to this difference may be found on the last page of the text with its accompanying picture—one of the most heartbreaking in the world, we should think. Little earth-bound creatures, the mole, the mouse, the efts, the chipmunk, and the turtle, they want dreadfully to play longer. But day is coming and the last fairy with half wistful head turned towards them flies away. It is play, delicious fooling—and fairy fooling, at that—that is the keynote of this book.

Ireland's Wee Men

FROM THE HORN OF THE MOON. By ARTHUR MASON. Illustrated by ROBERT LAWSON. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by PAULINE SUTORIUS AIED.

IN the midst of the well-known and much-referred-to depression what could be more encouraging than that someone has the desire to write of the Wee Men? It's the next best thing to having the Wee Men among us. Faith, and what would we not do to have them move our own bog and throw it in the sea? Certainly never any one knew the Wee Men better than this Arthur Mason who writes so delightfully of their most intimate doings and their foolish pranks.

In his new book (and, by the way, if you haven't read it be sure to get a copy of "The Wee Men of Ballywooden," Mr. Mason's book of last year) the author tells three amusing incidents in the life of the Wee Men. "Willie the Wagger" so angers the Tanner of Nets that he turns him into a codfish. But what of it? He wags just the same and prevents all successful fishing. Every night when the Wee Men go to sea they are greeted by the smirking cod and they return with nets empty. At last, the Knitter of Nets remembers Willie's love of purple and so the Tanner baits him with his purple nose by hanging his feet from the horn of the moon.

"The Moving of the Bog" is accomplished by the Wee Men finding a shadow large enough to cover it and the Keeper of the Casks of Time directs its course over the mountains.

"Pigs in the Castle" is a story of tapestry cut from moonlight shadows and of pigs who hide in the castle because it is market day.

There is no way to describe these stories. Someone has said that you have no right to read them unless you speak with a brogue. They are to be especially recommended for days when the world is too much with you.

The Wee Men have a way of telling you the things you most want to hear, and I read between the lines that there is to be a revival of fairy tales, and I doubt not that Arthur Mason will be chosen Chief Chronicler of the Wee Men and that Robert Lawson will be their portrait painter. It is truly a fascinating book to look at and one feels that Mr. Lawson must have sat by the author's side and drawn with a pen dipped in moonlight as he told the stories.

Nursery Fixtures

By DAVID MCCORD

BOOKS with pictures
are nursery
fixtures;
Books without
are banged about.

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A Trail Is Blazed

THE THREE OWLS—THIRD BOOK. Written and Edited by ANNE C. MOORE. New York: Coward-McCann. 1931. $3.

Reviewed by BERTHA E. MAHONY

NO better introduction to children's books today could be offered than this new volume "The Three Owls," written and edited by Anne Carroll Moore. A series of delightful papers, many of them by Miss Moore herself but others by such well known people as Margery Williams Bianco, Eric Kelly, Will Cuppy, James Fenimore Cooper (grandson of the great), Charles Finger, Alice Jordan, Marcia Dalphin, Jacqueline Overton, Harriet Sabra Wright—with many charming poems—present the rich and varied procession of the best children's books published the past three years. These essays and poems have been selected by Miss Moore from her weekly page entitled The Three Owls of the *Herald Tribune's Books*.

What a revelation this book would be, for example, to a young mother of background and taste, coming with fresh but very vital interest to the subject. Her first impression would be the vigor and genius expressed in the illustrations. Then as she settled down to read she would be stimulated by the breadth of interest expressed in the books—as wide as the world, as high as the spirit's flight, as deep as the heart's love and faith.

In the introductory article on "Reviewing Children's Books" Miss Moore writes: "To the degree that the review stimulates the desire of the reader to read the book to confirm or to differ with the critic will it be contributory to thought, discussion, criticism, fresh creative work." We miss our guess, if our hypothetical young mother does not betake herself swiftly to the nearest children's room of a public library or to the nearest book store with "The Three Owls" under her arm, there to spend hours poring over William Nicholson's picture books, Leslie Brooke's "Roundabout Turn," Blaise Cendrars's "Little Black Stories," renewing her acquaintance with Andersen—finally being sated with bliss, walking out in the late afternoon sunshine with that sense of joy which comes from beginning an adventure.

She will say to herself, "Why, here is a marvellous trail into art, beauty, and happiness. I shall travel it gaily and for a long time—not just for my children's sake but for my own as well."

Miss Moore was a pioneer in the sincere reviewing of children's books. She began this work for the *Bookman* in 1918, and began it with a review of W. H. Hudson's "Little Boy Lost" which she had read in a set of galley proofs without authorship.

This began a series of articles which ran in the *Bookman* from 1919 to 1927. These papers, representing the first sustained contemporary criticism of children's books in this country or in England, where collected and published with additional essays under the titles "Roads to Childhood," "New Roads to Childhood," "Cross Roads to Childhood" (Doubleday, Doran).

In 1924 Miss Moore was asked to edit a regular weekly page of criticism of children's books for the *Herald Tribune's Books* which Stuart Sherman and Irita Van Doren were editing. To this page Miss Moore gave the name "The Three Owls," a ttile suggested by the owls weathervane of the Children's Library at Westbury, Long Island. The Three Owls symbolize the artist, the author, and the critic. This page Miss Moore continued to edit until 1930.

Since that time her absence from it has left a blank spot. The field is not so gay as it was. A vital spark is missing. She brought to her editorship a point of view which no one else can provide. The importance of a point of view as a basis for literary criticism is not deeply enough realized. Miss Moore's point of view is based first of all upon a rich capacity for living. I know no one who embarks upon each day's life with so fresh a sense of adventure as she does. Her judgments of books are based upon a naturally fine reading taste and a taste which has kept close to the reactions of children through her children's librarians and the hundreds of boys and girls who use the Central Children's Room and the many branch rooms of the New York Public Library.

Her judgments of children's books are kept steadily balanced, too, by her reading of the best for grown-ups. Of course one does not always agree with Miss Moore's judgments, but that is another element of interest resulting from a point of view. Her point of view has never become professionalized or academic, perhaps because she takes so active an interest in all the manifestations of human nature, does not have to exclude anything from consideration, and keeps a healthy earthiness through everything.

I think it is not too much to say that no person living in America today has exerted the same constructive influence in making the children's books what they are today. Children's books are now enlisting the finest talent in all subjects. Why have people of genius come increasingly to their making? Because children's books have acquired an honorable and significant place in the field of literature and Miss Moore has helped vastly to create that place.

This year in October Anne Carroll Moore had been Supervisor of Work with Children for the New York Public Library for twenty-five years. The Third Book in her series of Contemporary Criticism of Children's Books entitled "The Three Owls" has just appeared to remind us of all that she has accomplished and now represents in the field of children's books. Out in Utah a Children's Room which she helped to organize is named in her honor. It is the proper time to say that so far there are three great names in the history of American children's books: Horace Scudder, Mary Mapes Dodge and—Anne Carroll Moore.

The Dragon and The Miller

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

(To Nini and Tommy)

O THAT'S what I'm to draw? All right—
But really, you must keep stiller!
Once more then let me sketch the fight
'Twixt the dragon and the miller.

I drew it for you once, you know;
Yet you don't demand variety.
Well, that's the dragon, with a fierce "Ho-ho!"
I'll draw him to satiety.

And the miller—scared as he can be;
And that's the miller scampering. . . .
But with both of your heads thrust down to see
The pencil finds it hampering.

And that's how the miller turns to fight
With the sword he somewhere found. . . .
Have him stick the dragon? Oh, all right;
There's the dragon on the ground.

Proudly the miller home doth caper
Leaving the dragon a wreck. . . .
Nini, your curls are all over the paper;
Tommy, don't breathe down my neck!

Have a house with windows? Have his wife?
(Wives are a great corrective.)
The house is too small? Well, that's like life;
Besides, it's in perspective.

And there they're both at the dinner-table. . . .
Oh no, not *dragon* steak!
Really people wouldn't be able—
I'm sure it would keep them awake!

Yet balm to the artist are your awe
And your chuckles and squirms at the killer;
It isn't right, but—"What shall I draw?"
"Draw the dragon and the miller!"

Fortunate Sam

THE STARS FOR SAM. By W. MAXWELL REED. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1931. $3.50.

Reviewed by JOHN Q. STEWART
Princeton University

LAST night a five-year-old first saw the Milky Way. Through Perseus and Cassiopeia it ascended, flowed high through Cygnus, and cascaded to the southwestern horizon. "I didn't know the Milky Way was an *arch*," he announced. Then, "Throw me up into that arch. I'll take a box and sprinkle millions of stars in it and bring down the Milky Way for daddy!"

Mr. Maxwell Reed reverses this operation, bringing the Milky Way down for fortunate Sam—not in a box, but in a book which contains about as much and as up-to-date astronomical information as a college text. The level of presentation seems successfully and consistently adapted to the younger audience. The illustrations are numerous, well chosen, and well reproduced. Some of the descriptive legends are especially adequate, but the "Saturn" on the inside covers is unscientific and undecorative.

Editing by Dr. C. E. St. John guarantees general accuracy of content, if any guarantee beyond Mr. Reed's own experience is necessary. Distinction is not, however, made everywhere between knowledge observationally well grounded and speculative hypotheses—a fault shared with recent more pretentious treatises. Sam will have this and that to unlearn by the time he grows up.

If potential cultural and social benefits of scientific research are to be realized fully in coming years, Sam's generation must be given such easy familiarity with its results as Mr. Reed's books provide. But their inheritance from our laboratories may prove an unfortunate fortune unless we add a legacy of hope:—that on our foundation of facts they will build a worthy art; that our dismaying quantities they will transmute into refreshing qualities; that our clutter of machinery they will organize for a more abundant living.

Bells and Balloons

THE HOLE IN THE WALL. By RENÉ D'HARNONCOURT. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1931. $2.

POOR SHAYDULLAH. By BORIS ARTZYBASHEFF. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1931. $2.50.

THE MAGIC RUG. By INGRI and EDGAR PARIN D'AULAIRE. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by ANNE CARROLL MOORE

GONE from the circus forever are the descendants of Grimaldi, greatest of all the clowns. Gone is the delicate art of pantomime of which Jules Turnour was the last to remind us (as told by Isaac Marcosson, in the "Autobiography of a Clown," which has just been reissued). Not all the king's horses nor all the king's men can put the circus together again. Oh, the pathos of it!

Where then except to books in which great artists are still playing the clown may we turn to educate our children in a sense of fun? Is there anything more important, more fundamental, more truly significant than a lively, well nourished, intelligent sense of humor that grows with the years and is as readily available for the problems of statesmen or the judge on the bench as for the near tragedies of childhood?

Yet in a country fairly seething with conferences and committees, intelligence tests and measurements, we have let the comic strip go on for thirty years providing types of fun which are as unprogressive as they are unworthy of the keen intelligence of childhood.

Protests and uninspired plans for being dull in new ways by substituting an "educational series" for the "funnies" accomplish nothing. What the children crave is fun for its own sake and without ulterior motive. Nor should this healthy appetite be starved or indiscriminately fed on garbage in early childhood.

In my own personal experience with non-reading children "funny books" have been the greatest incentive to the reading of words. And how few genuinely funny books there are when one stops to consider who of all the picture book artists have drawn with a sense of fun—Caldecott, A. B. Frost, Leslie Brooke, and

FROM "THE HOLE IN THE WALL" (KNOPF)

Palmer Cox come to mind at once as accepted by children on their own terms.

A new "funny book" becomes then, an event to be celebrated with bells and balloons. Such a book is René d'Harnoncourt's "The Hole in the Wall." It is a whole entertainment in itself, sparkling with wit; clear and decisive in its drawing and in the color printing, the blacks fairly sing from its crisp pages; it should teach artists not to be sloppy and vacuous when making picture books for children and publishers not to ignore the importance of the preserving of the artist's own colors in a book of the kind. Here, indeed, a true artist has played the immortal role of clown in the true sense and as if for good measure Count d'Harnoncourt has ended his act, for such is the effect of his little drama, with a decoration from which emerges an amusing likeness of the agile artist himself. I regard the "Hole in the Wall" as a milestone among children's books and the first clear sign of a jolly new day for the comic strip.

Utterly different in form and substance yet related intellectually and spiritually

(*Continued on page* 300)

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Shipping News

TRY ALL PORTS. By ELINOR WHITNEY. Illustrated by BERNARD WESTMACOTT. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1931. $2.

AWAY TO SEA. By STEPHEN MEADER. Illustrated by CLINTON BALMER. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by CORNELIA MEIGS

MAY the day be far distant when the season's list of new books for young readers brings us no fresh tales that have to do with ships. When the literary sea has no longer a single white sail upon it, we shall have to conclude at last that we have become so wedded to the idea of speed for speed's sake, that we are so blinded by the smoke of coal and oil, that we can no longer take in the clean beauty of maritime romance. That day, happily, has not yet come, so that there are many still writing and an eager number still reading stories which spread white canvas and plunge boldly into the marching seas of adventure.

It is not, moreover, for the sake of poetry and thrilling incident that we should remember and review the splendid history of our sea-borne commerce. We should realize that it was during those long voyages, no two ever just alike, but all of them difficult and full of hazard, that the science of navigation was carried through its experimental stages, and the study of winds and weather was perfected. When our own age went a step beyond coal and steam and spread its wings to fly, the new transportation was only possible through what it had learned from the old.

That stories of ship's adventure can be infinitely various is shown by the contrast between these two good tales of the present season. "Try All Ports" refers, by its title, to that maxim of American merchants who ordered their captains, if one trade route proved disappointing, to change the original plan and set sail boldly upon another. It gives us a picture of mercantile Boston in the 'fifties, at the height of that brief but stirring historical episode, the reign of the clipper ship. In doing so, the book shows Elinor Whitney's vein at its very best. The pages are filled with a cheerful bustle of vessels arriving and setting sail and with significant figures of that important age. Enoch Train, the great-grandfather of the author of the book, and founder of a line of sailing packets between Boston and Liverpool, is the centre of this mercantile activity. There is a rapid, vivid picture of Daniel Webster, friend of Enoch Train, who comes and goes through the narrative and finally presides over the brilliant ceremony when his namesake ship is launched at East Boston. The most important personage is Donald McKay, come at Enoch Train's suggestion from his small yards at Newburyport to be master builder of ships at Boston. We watch his achievements rise through the building of the *Webster*, the *Staghound*, and others to the climax of his career, the conception and creation of the *Flying Cloud*. The main theme is the story of a young Englishman who comes to Boston to find proof for the establishment of claims to a lost inheritance, a tale well laden with suspense and interest. The book is at its best, however, in the historical atmosphere, clearly and vivaciously set forth, a true delineation of a picturesque and important era in America's maritime history. The accuracy and beauty of this portrayal is greatly enhanced by the excellent ship drawings of Bernard Westmacott.

"Away to Sea," by Stephen Meader, does not go out of its way to give any picture of the times. It is true to history in every detail, and it depicts one unforgettable figure out of real life, John James Audubon, the artist-naturalist. It is, nevertheless, a tale of adventure pure and simple, and deals with a single person, the boy Jim Slater, who passes alone from incident to incident, with all other characters subsidiary to him and none of them accompanying him throughout the book. Like many youths of his period, he is possessed of a desire to seek his fortune upon the sea. He runs away and finds himself aboard a slaver bound for Africa. The horrors of such a voyage are told with unflinching truth and make vivid reading indeed. Jim escapes, falls in with pirates, is almost lynched by a mob in New Orleans and has a last, hair-raising encounter with the African refugees from the wrecked slave ship, at large in the canebrake jungle of seaboard Louisiana. The boy's instinct for seafaring is only tried in the fire, and carries him to sea again at the first opportunity. Although the story is cast in a somewhat difficult form, it is an unqualified success. Does it grip the reader? It does indeed. It is probable that it gripped the writer also, and that he enjoyed allowing his imagination to go just where it wanted, bidding it stop at nothing in the way of dangers, cruelties, and high adventure. When such imagining is coupled with the whole-hearted ability and good workmanship of Stephen Meader, the result is bound to be a fine yarn, absorbing, thrilling, and well told.

FROM "TRY ALL PORTS"

Against the Wind

MY INDIAN BOYHOOD. By CHIEF LUTHER STANDING BEAR. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1931. $1.75.

Reviewed by F. W. HODGE,
Museum of the American Indian

WHAT an excellent thing it would be if other educated Indians would emulate Dr. Francis La Flesche, Dr. Charles A. Eastman, the late Dr. William Jones, and now Chief Standing Bear, by endeavoring to perpetuate what may still be gleaned of the beliefs and customs of their people. That more Indians have not chronicled the cultures of their respective tribes has been partly due to the false notion that they may become the subject of ridicule, whereas these really First Americans have given so much to civilization in the way of foods and drugs alone that one sometimes wonders how the Old World ever got along before the landfall of Columbus. Indian culture attained such a high degree in many directions that no one belonging to the race need entertain anything but pride in his ancestry. Indian women had their rights, and their importance to the commonweal was recognized a thousand years before Caucasians were willing to admit that their wives were more than chattels.

Standing Bear belongs to the Oglala division of the Teton or Western Dakota, or Sioux, as the Canadian French called them, a contraction of *Nadowe-is-iw*, the name given by their Chippewa enemies, meaning "serpents," hence "enemies." Dakota, or Lakota, as the Western Sioux call themselves, signifies "allies." Standing Bear is mistaken in saying that Sioux is a French term meaning "cut-throat," a similar error having been made as far back as 1866 by Gen. Randolph R. Marcy who stated that this was the meaning of Dakota.

"My Indian Boyhood," obviously written for boys and girls of the white race, is of broader interest, for it summarizes the important features of the ethnology of a great confederacy of tribes in a manner that will make the book useful to anyone who wishes to learn of the life and activities of this important group. The book is replete with information, treating as it does of hunting (including the author's experience on a buffalo hunt when a child), fishing, food and its preparation, bows and arrows, ponies and riding, the habits of animals, eagle catching and the attendant ceremonies, the symbolism of feathers (which illustrators especially would do well to read), shields and other ornamented objects, the vegetal kingdom and the many uses made of its products, pipes and smoking, utensils, tanning, painting, designing, clothing, beadwork, games and amusements, the making of chiefs, generosity, honesty, bravery, naming, medicine-men, musical instruments, and songs. In connection with these topics Standing Bear often gives more than a mere description of them; indeed he details many native beliefs and interpretations, as well as the symbolism, of the things of nature that guided the very lives of the Lakota, and makes lucid many conceptions that white people have usually regarded as mere superstition because not understood. It is refreshing to find an Indian consistently writing of the Great Mystery, although he slips once by referring to the "Great Spirit." The former more adequately conveys the Lakota concept of *Wakanda*, which means much more than a Great Spirit; it is the mysterious all-pervading and lifegiving power of the universe, difficult for a white person to comprehend in the face of his own preconceived belief in one omnipotent God.

Standing Bear went to the Carlisle Indian School, evidently as one of its earliest pupils, when eleven years of age, and although he has had long and intimate contact with whites since that time, he has not forgotten his early training and the many admirable traits of his people. What he writes of the rearing of children, of their obedience and respect toward their elders, and the beauty of family life generally, is true of all Indian tribes. In such matters the whites could learn much.

Nor has Standing Bear permitted his education to eradicate entirely his staunch belief in certain customs which we may reasonably regard as the survival of bits of folklore. For example, in referring to "sand cherries," as they are sometimes called, he says that in gathering them "we always stood against the wind and never with the wind blowing from us across the plant. If we did the fruit lost some of its flavor, but if gathered in the right way, they were sweeter than if gathered in the wrong way. This, I believe, is one of the many secrets which the Indian possesses, for I have never met a white person who knew this." Then again he seems to have conjured up his boyhood fancy when he writes:

> I have seen prairie chickens hold dances as orderly and as well-organized as I have seen humans hold. The dance of the prairie chicken is given at daybreak. A great number of these birds will assemble and form a circle with the leader in the center. Then the circle begins moving to the right, every bird stepping at the same time and the same speed in motion. Their time is so perfect that even if it were performed in silence, it would be wonderful to look at. But the marvelous thing is that every bird makes a sound in his throat that is something like the double beat of the tom-tom. In this, too, the birds keep exact time, so that there are no jarring or conflicting noises, but a steady rhythmic tone. Every bird carries a rattle—his tail. The feathers of the tail are rubbed together in such a way as to make a sound like a small rattle. Again the time is kept with the tails all moving at the same time in the same way. With feet, voices, and tails all moving at the same time, it makes a great sight to see a hundred or more birds performing. . . .

It is a blessed thing that Carlisle School did not rob our author of all of his good old Indian imagination.

In referring to Lakota painting the writer mentions that "the brush was a bone so old that it was porous like a sponge." It was not age that made the bone porous, for the Lakota as well as other Plains Indians used the cancelli or spongy process of a large bone for the purpose, a worked-down piece for each color.

The plates by Rodney Thomson are excellently drawn, while the head-pieces by the author have a decidedly Indian aspect and illustrate some of the things described.

Outdoor Wisdom

THE BOY CAMPERS. By WILLIAM HILLCOURT. Illustrated by FRANCIS J. RIGNEY. New York: Brewer, Warren & Putnam. 1931. $1.75.

Reviewed by W. N. FENTON

HERE is a book for boys, on the pages of which are written lessons on the life in the woods, aided by enlivening drawings, aimed not at the earning of medals and insignia to be worn on the sleeve of the coat, but to engender confidence and inspire a yearning for the open in the heart of the juvenile camper. It is more than a text. It is Hillcourt's journal of camping experience simmered down to the short, simple sentences of truth. They are for winter reading and summer execution. We may learn why last season's tent leaked; how to build a fire on a wet day either Indian fashion with "squaw wood," or with a spoonful of Sterno—according to the Hobo mores; how not to drop a flapjack; and why the woodsman wears wool throughout the year. Through its pages march the shades of "Nesmuk," Horace Kephart, and Pinkerton. A man of this school has written a book for children, which in its utter clarity has its charm for the veteran camper. "Leaflets 3 let it be—Poison Ivy; 'Safe to dive through leaflets 5'—Virginia Creeper." Here is the bane of the woods in a nut shell.

A few elemental books like this should awaken the American child to the fact that the greatest of benefits to be derived from the open comes inexpensively from the associations of the groups of two and four and six, who can enter the woods and return with the aid of equipment of their own manufacture, and the reality of their own experience. An army in the forest seldom sees any game, and camps which perpetrate mob scenes seldom teach what they profess. Let them turn then to simple books of elemental camping, and then follow the teaching of Louis Agassiz—"Study nature, not books."

The Saturday Review
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Sans Wings Or Wands

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN, and How It Came to Be. By GERTRUDE HARTMAN. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1931. $5.

HAIL COLUMBIA: The Life of a Nation. By MARIE A. LAWSON. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1931. $5.

Reviewed by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

WHEN we speak of changes in children's literature we usually mean—unless we are specialists—that fashions in fiction have changed and certain types of romance no longer charm the young. But the most important change has come not in fiction at all but in books of fact, those works of information supplying the normal young demand to know all about it. For the mind is still young when the hunger for information develops; it usually does just as the fairy tale age closes, for when the fairies go they are likely to go all at once—something writers of informative juveniles seemed not to realize a generation ago. The one book of my childhood I could not bear was called "The Fairyland of Science," and for years children had to put up with fairyoloid books like that, a perfect rash of them, until someone thought to try science without wings or wands and found that young people took it eagerly. It is somewhat harder to make history as popular with children as historical fiction, but books are surely turning that way. Take the two that have just risen on the horizon of the early teens: "The World We Live In" and "Hail Columbia," one a world history, the other a history of the United States. Each is selective; each is motivated; each uses many pictures and makes them an integral part of the work. Each is so much in the style of the author that they are completely different. But each is a book that would have astonished bookbuyers in the first Children's Book Week.

"The World We Live In" is more than a history of invention: it is an outline of world history as this has been made by inventors and builders, anonymous and collective in the earlier chapters, individuals in the later modern ones. Before man comes on the scene there is the infant planet and the non-inventive brontosaurus, but once man appears he keeps his place and makes his progress only by reason of his inventions, permitting that word to apply also to exploration. There is no Napoleon in the book, but there is Newton; there is no Washington, but there is Franklin; there is no Great War, but there are the Wrights and Marconi and the George Washington Bridge. There are rulers like Elizabeth or Isabella, but mainly in the age when they financed explorers, and the only royalty with a full-page picture to himself is Prince Henry the Navigator. In short, it is based on principles familiar to readers of James Harvey Robinson and Charles and Mary Beard, who have done all they could to shift emphasis from military prowess to social progress. Miss Hartman believes in progress; her book, like the Wells "Outline," is motivated by the conviction that man can change conditions on the earth so that life may be better and finer, though this does not get into a statement definite as this until the last chapter. Before he finds out all this, however, the young reader will have looked at all the pictures. These are contemporary prints or photographs, save, of course, in the prehistoric scenes where reliable reconstructions like those of the American Museum of Natural History are used. The medieval ones are especially rich and well-chosen, but they all illustrate their points. They come so close together that a boy's attention cannot sag in between. Even a quite young child will be thus fascinated and in time come to read the whole book; it is strongly made, large and solid, and meant to withstand time and family wear.

"Hail Columbia" is an artist's book about the life of this nation, which is not to say that Mrs. Lawson has emphasized only the picturesque features of our history. But she has seen it in the large and so vividly that she can put a period into a picture in words, in line, or in color. Kidd in this drawing is not just a pirate,

(*Continued on page* 288)

The BOWLING GREEN

A Week-End Anthology

SELECTING BEAUTIES

ON the days he selects beauties Mr. Carroll does not even stop to partake of food. He has several bottles of mineral water handy. A maid hands him a glass of this every so often. He usually doffs his coat and vest and dons a smock. This is for freedom of movement as he dashes up and down long lines of beauties under the dazzling glare of stage lamps.

—*Earl Carroll Theatre Program.*

THE ETHER SALESMAN

With the mike spotted in his Northampton bailiwick, Calvin Coolidge took a flyer in ether salesmanship during the inaugural program of the New York Life Insurance Company on NBC. Prefacing his fifteen minutes of copy reading with the remark that he had been tagged for the assignment because of his hook-up on the company's board of directors, Coolidge tossed off a straight factual plug on the benefits of carrying life insurance.

From the standpoint of the ether copywriter's art, the Coolidge paper impressed as a dry but convincing build-up. Despite a flat, nasal monotone, the voice of the commercial's mike rep lacked clarity and pointedness, conveying the impression that the speaker was himself sold on the very things he was retailing.

—*Variety.*

BESTOWING IMMORTALITY

The rare books of living authors are exciting to the collector for many reasons. He is not dealing with an established classic whose place in literature he cannot question. He can start out by being his own critic, deciding for himself who shall be worthy of immortality. To this pleasant sense of power is added the thrill of speculation. Your hero's values may suddenly, like Mr. ———'s, soar to dizzy heights, or may, like Mr. ———'s, fall to nothing. As arbiter and as gambler you set out on what is usually an uncharted sea. There are no guide-books, as in the case of the immortal dead, to make easy the path of acquisition.

—Oliver Brett: *The Rare Books of Living Authors.*

LITERARY DEBENTURES

SIR: If you seek a refreshing angle of the book trade, a little turn of the tune that may have eluded you, write to W. & G. Foyle, Ltd., 119 Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2, asking them to send you a copy of their Prospectus of their advertised "500 8% Debentures of £50 each." There is a quality of naiveté in this item that I am sure you will want to see.

KRUSE ANTIQUARIAT & BOOK EMPORIUM,
1532 Wabash Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

PROTEST FROM PHILADELPHIA

The sign in the Grand Central Terminal, "Restaurant, Lower Level," somehow suggested corned beef and cabbage, so we rushed there for our luncheon between trains. The day was nearly spoiled for us by this entry among the entrées: *Philadelphia Scrapple with Vermont Maple Syrup.* The Seabury Committee investigating what ails New York might take time out some day to go down to that Lower Level and inquire what it means by this desecration of good Philadelphia fodder. This is monstrous, treasonable, and wholly indefensible!

—T. A. DALY in Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin.*

NAMES OF SHIPS

You may have noticed that the newer merchant vessels are being named with an increasing sense of the importance of their mission. The ghastly names of the war-built horrors are part of the frenzy of landlubbers suddenly given power over public funds. Most of these nightmares have passed away. I would like to see a smart exploring ship kept at sea and named U. S. S. *Maury,* and a cruiser named the *Herman Melville.*

—CAPT. FELIX RIESENBERG, in *The Nautical Gazette.*

DIFFERENT VIEW OF CHICAGO

The unique position in Chicago of the Edgewater Beach Hotel . . . an oasis of elegance in a sawdust town. Possibly no better insight can be obtained on the Edgewater and what it means than the remarkable turnout every Friday for college night. Hundreds of college boys and girls give the lie to those lurid tales of the younger generation as wedded to juniper juice and disintegrated decorum. There wasn't a flask in a flivver load of these collegians. Even a viewer-with-alarm would be impressed by such well-behaved Fauntleroys and Elsie Dinsmores.

—*Variety.*

SHAKESPEARE'S MALADIES

Shakespeare's death has been attributed to a miscellaneous assortment of maladies. Fever, typhus, typhoid, paralysis, epilepsy, apoplexy, arterio-sclerosis, over-smoking, chronic alcoholism, gluttony, sexual excesses, angina pectoris, Bright's disease, pulmonary congestion, locomotor ataxia. The hypotheses of medical criticism as to the poet's death appear to have attributed as many burdens to him as the literary critics have found in his work. Of the whole list, the most suggestive is that of ambulatory typhoid. The insanitary conditions of an Elizabethan country town are extremely likely to have resulted in a disease of that nature.

—MACLEOD YEARSLEY, F.R.C.S., *The Lancet,* Sept. 5, 1931.

THE DANGERS OF POWER

In 1911, Mr. J. E. Spingarn was "relieved from further academic service" at Columbia University. At that time his old teacher George Edward Woodberry wrote him a letter which has been lately reprinted by the *Troutbeck Press,* Amenia, N. Y., under the title "A Scholar's Testament." From this we quote:

"It is quite clear to me that your career has really been thrown wide open by this event—and that you are braced for it by a knowledge, that could not have come to you so profoundly and keenly in any other way, of the real nature of human affairs—the brutal reality of power, the mechanical move of it, its lack of conscience, its essential servility, its freedom from moral as well as legal restraint, in one word—tyranny, which in one form or another seems to me the master of the world. It is as native to the good as to the bad, to the respectable as to the vicious, and in the good and respectable it seems to me to reach its maximum of evil. But I do not mean to philosophize now, and I daresay your thought would not companion mine to the ultimate of my guesses. But something of the hollowness of our State, the moral hollowness, I mean, of the system of control that wealth has developed in the community—you must realize; and more easily perhaps the moral hollowness of what goes under the name of character in the respectable circles. It is as well to put aside from the start any expectation of justice as of happiness; if either comes, it is good fortune; but neither is rationally to be sought as an end in itself by anyone who looks to make a career in society. And with justice, all our childhood theories of merit and reward, of any casual effect between virtue and prosperity, go by the board. Every act of hope is to me the leading a forlorn hope—we look for nothing in return, nothing to be gained—we act, and die, and leave it there."

ORIGIN OF THE OLD-FASHIONED

The Old-Fashioned Whiskey Cocktail was introduced to the old Waldorf by, or in honor of, Col. James E. Pepper, of Kentucky, proprietor of a celebrated whiskey of the period. It was said to have been the invention of a bartender at the famous Pendennis Club in Louisville, of which Col. Pepper was a member.

—ALBERT STEVENS CROCKETT, *Old Waldorf Bar Days.*

SIR THOS. BROWNE AT SEA

Hotel Ich Dien, Lunenberg, N.S.

SIR: True, Sir Thos. Browne would have been surprised to know that the Geoffrey Keynes edition of his works came over in S. S. *American Farmer;* but the de luxe limited edition of same (only 50 sets for U. S. A.) has just arrived in the *Homeric* which would surely have pleased him.

RUDGE RUBRIC.

ANXIETY IN BALTIMORE

We have had warning of a strange and growing tendency to attack the social fibre and destroy the culture of this city. Won't you help us combat this by filling out the questionnaire and signing the subscription card?

—Letter from the *Blue Book,* Baltimore.

THE GOOD LIFE

SIR: Did you ever hear or read anything about Dr. H. W. Fowler, that beloved Oxford dictionary-maker? I once heard a London gentleman say, "Why doesn't anybody ever see him? Nobody seems to know him."

Having had several of his witty letters, and being in his neighborhood, we made a pilgrimage, justified by an invitation to tea. We were staying with some friends on the Dorset coast, and they drove us up into Somerset, to the flowery little village of ———. No railroad profanes that paradise. In an old rambler-bowered house, the genial recluse lives with his wife in what he calls "dual hermitry." I might dwell, but will not, on the simplicity of the domestic setting, on the brilliant walled garden where we ate a lavish tea, or on Mrs. Fowler, overrunning with gaiety and goodness, or on her many bird friends. Dr. Fowler himself is a sturdy, active, young-looking man of (I think) about seventy, with a moustache, graying hair, and twinkling glance.

While the men were inspecting his study, someone asked Mrs. Fowler about her husband's methods of work. And this is the point of my story.

He gets up at five o'clock every morning, summer and winter. In winter he runs a mile and plunges into a pond, and then runs home. Sometimes he has to break the ice on the pond. In the warm weather, he doesn't do that, "because there's a nasty green scum on the pond." So instead he goes out into the garden in his bare feet and cuts the grass with a scythe or works about the flowers. Then he makes tea for himself and takes Mrs. Fowler a cup, and goes to work until breakfast time. All the forenoon he works in his study; at noon he eats a bread and cheese and fruit luncheon, and goes back to his work; he stops for tea; and, finally, at dinner time, his day's work is done. After dinner he does all his reading. His chief contact with the outside world is through the Westminster *Gazette.* I should say *was,* as I believe that pleasant green paper is now no more. He said all his examples in the "Dictionary of Modern Usage" were taken from that source. At nine o'clock he goes to bed. He does this seven days a week. "If I think he is working too hard, I sometimes call him to help me do something about the house," Mrs. Fowler said.

With a program of life like this, perhaps it is not surprising that he is the greatest living authority in his line. Many a scholar might live such a life, but how many would be able to write a book on words, supposed to be the driest of subjects, that would sparkle?

G. S.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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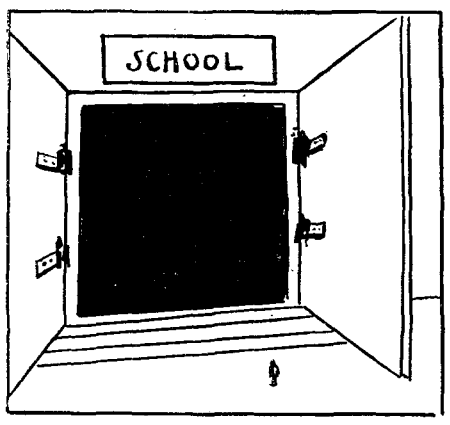
HOW NOT TO EDUCATE CHILDREN

AN article like this is bound to be more or less autobiographical. For all of us went to school, all of us were educated (after a fashion), all of us have come in personal contact with the gravely grinding mills of the Pedagogic Gods, and all of us have reacted in our own little way to the efforts made by our loving parents to turn us into useful citizens of the community at large and obedient members of the home circle. In order, therefore, that the reader may be quite clear about the particular angle from which I shall approach this subject it is only fair that I explain my own point of view. Then let me state as emphatically as I can, that I have not one single agreeable memory connected with the days of my childhood and very few pleasant recollections of the years I spent at school. No doubt such bitter hatred for one's own youth as fills my soul even



THE TORTURE CHAMBER

today, must always be an exception. At least so I have often been told by many well-meaning people. But I regret to say that I know a great many others who share my feelings and share them most cordially and profoundly. For the Kingdom of the Netherlands of forty years ago was a veritable Hell for children.

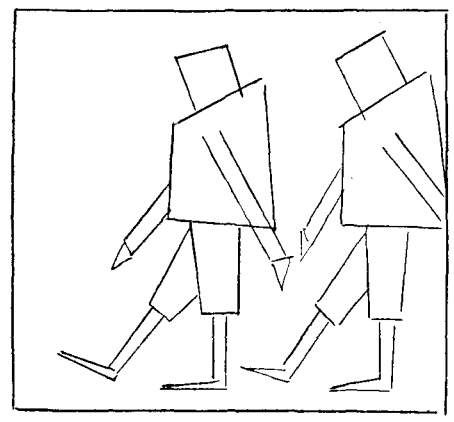
You may think that I exaggerate. Very well. Let me give you a few examples of the sort of things that happened to us. I shall merely speak of my own childhood days and not of those of my father. He was the unhappiest man I have ever known and as a result terribly cruel to his children. The sort of cruelty he practiced upon us we could not of course possibly understand when we were six or seven years old. But whenever I drew a picture (and I used to draw long before I could write) his greatest delight was to make an auto-da-fé of my childish scribblings. And I shall never forget the day when I had made myself a replica of de Ruyter's flagship and heard it slowly being squashed to pieces beneath the heavy heel of the author of my being. My father is dead and I am trying hard to forget these things and Heaven help us I do not intend to turn these memories into literary material. But I have since come to realize that my sister and I were no exceptions, that a great many of the infants with whom we played (a dangerous thing to do, for in the middle of our games parental authority was apt to descend upon us to chase the small guests away and tell us not to waste our time in frivolous pursuits) suffered likewise. And I have fortunately reached the point where the pent-up anger of forty years is slowly revaluating itself into some sort of a compassionate understanding.

The poor man had been thwarted all his life. The education he had received had been directed towards one purpose and towards one purpose only—to break his spirit, and kill all feeling of independence. Both the school and the home had coöperated in charming harmony to bring about this result. Let me tell you one more little story to show what was then considered good pedagogy. One day my father's grandfather (my own great-grandfather) had invited all his children and grandchildren to go to the circus. A large carriage had been ordered. The kids were dressed up in their Sunday best. As soon as they were comfortably seated in the big, lumbering vehicle, orders were given that they return to the schoolroom and write a short and solemn essay upon "the moral advantages of disappointments." They never saw the clowns or the acrobats. They wrote their little pieces and they grew up to be men and women inspired with a bitter hatred for all that was joyous and happy and smiling and pleasant. Fortunately, from my mother's side I inherited a most healthy spirit of rebellion.

When at the age of eleven, I was sent to boarding-school, the war began. It was considered a very good boarding-school thirty-five years ago and it fitted boys for the military and naval academies. In order to pass our entrance examinations we had to know more mathematics than are asked of the average candidate for a mathematical Ph.D. in one of our larger universities. That we might cram all this useless nonsense into our heads we were obliged to get up at seven in the morning and work until eleven at night. The endless evenings when as a kid of ten I had to sit with my fingers propped up into my eyes so as not to fall asleep (a glass of cold water directed at us by the skilful hand of the supervising teacher was the punishment for this hideous crime) I have since tried to forget but I have never quite succeeded. There were other brutalities. Why bring them up now? Conditions have much improved. The system is still absolutely inhuman as far as the amount of work is concerned which is forced upon very small boys and girls during the years when they need all their strength for the purpose of growing into their shoes and collars. But the physical punishments which still existed in the days of my youth have at least disappeared. Officially of course they were no longer allowed even forty years ago. But there were the unfortunate youngsters born in some Javanese or Sumatran hinterland who had been sent to Holland at the age of ten or eleven to get an education and who had thus far been left entirely to the good-natured mercies of a few native servants. In order to break their spirit (which was considered to be the main purpose of an education based upon the doctrines of the sick and soured man of Geneva) they were exposed to repeated and very refined lashings with a thinnish bamboo-cane which showed no marks but hurt like the devil.

I happened to be a weak sort of a boy, physically speaking, for I had had typhoid fever at the age of four and typhoid fever is apt to leave its marks for a long time afterwards. My rebellious activities therefore had to be of a very subtle variety in order to succeed at all. They consisted mostly in the organization of a widely ramified system of passive resistance and, by the shades of the great Gandhi, it worked. It worked so well that I rarely passed from one class to the next without the greatest of difficulties. After my first boarding school there followed four years of guerilla warfare in the lovely little city of Gouda which readers of the "Cloister and the Hearth" will remember as the early home of Erasmus. Erasmus had not liked the place. I loathed it. There was one old teacher who actually encouraged me in my historical hobbies. The others spent their waking hours trying to convince me that I was the dumbest boy ever entrusted to their care. Do you know how we were supposed to learn Greek and Latin? Enters the teacher with three cigars, one in his mouth and two in his hand. He smoked those three cigars during the hour he spent making us recite verbs and decline nouns. One mistake and we had to copy the offending noun or verb twelve times after school. This poor bumpkin who could not write a decent sentence in Dutch was supposed to give us instruction in classical literature.

His final summing-up of my abilities just before I left that school was as follows: "This young man had better take a clerical job in some minor office, for his total lack of feeling for foreign languages makes him unfit for a classical eduation." My ex-compatriot, Tony Fokker, who passed through a similar experience, waited twenty years and when the whole



THE OLD SYSTEM.

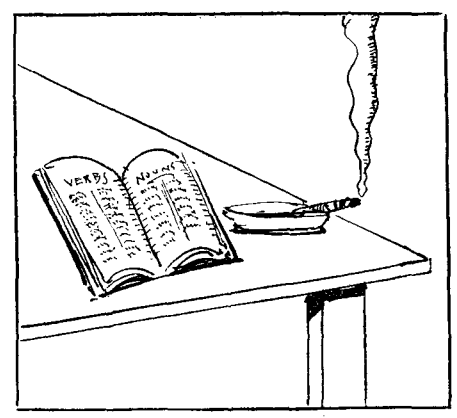
world was flying in his aeroplane he invited all his former tormentors to a formal dinner. Of course they came expecting to hear him sing their praises for their strict but righteous discipline. Instead of this they had to listen while their host told them exactly what he thought of them, how he had succeeded in spite of their systematic opposition, and how he hoped to see them all in Hades and so goodbye. Well, there are all sorts of ways of getting even. I prefer mine to that of Tony Fokker, but knowing the sort of things that had happened to all of us of that generation, I can hardly blame him.

I am sorry I have made this first part of my sermon so very personal. But I want you to understand why I was predestined to become an eager and enthusiastic advocate of every reform movement within the realm of what we call Education with a capital E. Montessori was tried out on my own infants and wherever I heard of a new idea I went to inspect it and study it and I rejoiced that the ghastly system of my own youth had come to an end and that the average boy and girl now at last had a chance to give free rein to his or her innermost soul, to his or her subinnermost subconscious self, and that we were at last preparing free citizens for a free republic and (after the war) for a whole network of free republics, spread all the way from the shores of the Yellow River to the banks of the Vistula.

We now write Anno Domini 1931 and I no longer know . . . I have my doubts . . . I am bewildered . . . I feel uncomfortable about the whole thing . . . but if you want the truth I will try and write down what is in my mind in just as few words as possible and then I shall leave it to you to agree with me or to call me a reactionary and a hypocrite, as the case may be.

The old system, of course, is gone for good as far as I am concerned. It was inexcusably bad. All I wish is that I could forget it; but that, alas! I cannot, for it has put its stamp upon the whole of my own being. If ever there should be an attempt to bring it back you will find me on the highest of all barricades, armed with half a dozen sawed-off shotguns and ready for arson, murder, and pedagogicide.

But how about the new system? As I said a moment ago, I knew that it had to come and that it would be inevitable after



SMOKE

five centuries of *Schulmeister-Schrecklichkeit*. I also recognize that it has rendered some very valuable services to the practical ideal of a more reasonable and a slightly happier world than that in which we live at present. But I am forced to disagree with its advocates upon one or two of the most important points of doctrine. The new system has laid by far too much stress upon the unique position of the child as contrasted with that of its elders and betters. It has invented that terrible phrase about "His Majesty the Child," the sublime offspring of something almost equally bad, "Her Majesty the American Woman." There is nothing majestic about a child. Of course there is something majestic about everything possessed of the spark of life. But the "majesty" inherent in that great mystery-of-mysteries is just as majestic in puppy-dogs and kittens and puppy jelly-fishes as in puppy-human-beings. I have a sneaking suspicion that most of the mothers who prattled so sweetly about His Majesty of the Nursery belonged to that vast number of American females who, being in everlasting terror of their own progeny, were obliged to invent the highsounding nonsense myth about His Majesty of the drooling bib in order to save at least a part of their self-respect.

Mary Austin, one of the wisest American women whom it has been my privilege to know, used to say that girls should not go to college until they had been married or in some other way had achieved the fulfilment of that destiny which regardless of an ever increasing number of drones would be the fate of their species until the coming of a synthetic universe. I think that she was right and I would like to submit an amendment to that Article I of the New Constitution of Humanity. I would like to see a law passed which forbade people from having anything to do with the rearing of children until they should have raised at least two pups or kittens and should have turned them into well-behaved and sensible and intelligent dogs and cats.

Last night Bertrand Russell and Sherwood Anderson went at each other with the dull bludgeons of logic to prove or disprove to themselves and to their delighted audience that children should be brought up in the home or should be sent to boarding-schools or vice-versa, and during that debate My Lord Sherwood pulled the *vox humana* and the tremolo of parental affection and the audience loved it (and him) for the audience was mostly composed of mothers who just shivered at the ideas propounded by My Lord Bertrand who boldly suggested that most fathers and mothers were hopelessly unfitted for the task of bringing up their own flesh and blood. Of course Russell was right. At least in that particular respect. Maternity is still mostly a matter of accident. The old lament that ninety per cent of all the children of our poorer quarters were conceived in original gin of course holds no longer good in a liquorless age. But the mere incident of conception does not turn a fool into a wise woman and the inevitable subsequent chapter of motherhood, while a lovely subject for the Hollywood dramaturges and sob-sisters, is by far too complex and complicated to be handled sensibly by more than ten out of every hundred. Again, if you doubt my words call me up some pleasant afternoon when I shall have nothing to do (say in 1972 or 1973) and we will take a walk beneath my windows through Washington Square. And I will ask you to proceed slowly and to observe the mamas at their self-imposed task of tending their young. Within ten minutes you will be able to observe a greater and more fatuous waste of time and misdirected energy than you had ever deemed possible. Tell me that these women are mostly "foreigners" and I will pay for the taxi and take you to Park Avenue and upper Riverside Drive. Everywhere it will be the same story. I do not deny that nowadays there are a few

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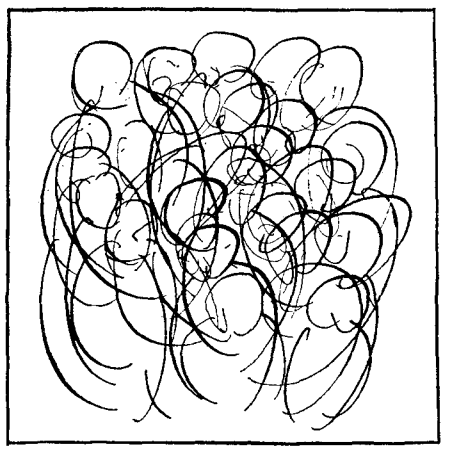
by Hendrik Willem Van Loon

sensible women who take hold of this business of education as soundly and as intelligently as they take hold of everything else, but by and large the "natural aptitude" of the average mother and father for bringing up their immediate progeny is still ninety-nine and three quarters per cent below that of the worst mongrels of both the canine and feline divsions of creation.

Therefore, I humbly repeat my assertion of a few paragraphs ago that no ordinary member of the human race should be allowed to try his or her ingenuity at bringing up children until he or she shall have at least had some experience with puppies and kittens.



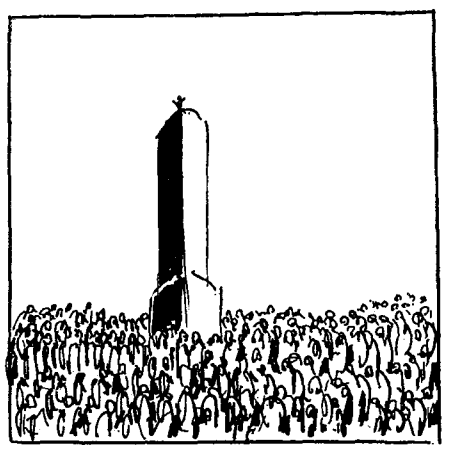
THE NEW SYSTEM

Those of us who devoted part of our time to this purpose (the best preparation for all subsequent pedagogical pursuits) have learned only a few things but those of such primary importance that I shall ask you to listen to them in some detail.

What doth His Majesty the Pup need in order to be happy and contented and to be started squarely upon the road to perfect domesticity? In the first place, a comfortable place in which to spend its first few weeks, a warm stable, kept clean and dry and free from offending perils such as microbes and visiting relatives and hostile prowlers. In the second place, it should be given wholesome food. The mother attends to that part of the entertainment, but it is our duty to see that the mother during those days is free from worry and follows the correct diet. All this, you may well argue, belongs to the nursery and medical departments of child-rearing. Very well. We shall now proceed to the next step. And then we learn that in order not to become a nuisance either to itself or to the world in general, the small morsel of skin or fur should be handled gently but severely and above all things should not be spoiled. No puppy was ever made housebroke by being told about its immortal soul or the needs of its canine subconsciousness. Yet, as every competent breeder of dogs will tell you, mere violence accomplishes nothing, but strictness and regularity are the beginning and end of all wisdom for they bring about the desired results without creating a feeling of hatred and distrust on the one side and a sentiment of superiority and contempt on the other. I could continue along this line for many pages but it would be a waste of time and valuable printer's ink. Those who understand what I am trying to say will have heard enough to convince them and the others will never know what I am talking about anyway. They will merely feel hurt that I am comparing their own lovely little wee-uns to cats and dogs, and when not trying to refute me with texts culled from a certain antiquated Book of Taboos and Interdicts, they will bombard me with the profound sayings of our neo-psychological school of pedagogy and they will speedily prove that I am an absolute stick-in-the-mud who had better devote himself exclusively to history and leave the living subjects to those more up-to-date and better informed.

I am sorry but I really and sincerely believe that there is considerable method in my apparent madness. After years of diligent searching and prayerful meditation I have reached a point where to me the entire subject of education has become one of common ordinary horse-sense, devoid of too much sentimentality, devoid of too much science, and liberally seasoned with good humor and patience. I am grateful for all that science has taught us about feeding and about fresh air and sunshine and teeth and tonsils and hours of sleep. But science should stop at the door leading from the nursery to the schoolroom and if, perchance, it should enter the latter it should not take itself so terribly seriously. Above all things, it should learn to take children at nature's own valuation, as the young of just another sort of mammal, not very different from the young of any other species and therefore to be treated as such and not as potential little geniuses or the animated manifestations of immortal souls which should be reared as we rear a new species of very delicate orchids. Kids are cabbages or should be. Orchids are lovely but they serve no earthly purpose and besides they come too high.

The old system of education is dead and buried and except in a few isolated instances where the patient has suffered too much to be able to forget, it has slipped out of our memories as completely and as thoroughly as the miseries and hardships connected with the picturesque stagecoach and the even more picturesque and our even less comfortable sailing vessel. We need not worry our heads about the sort of things to which I referred in the first paragraphs of this article. They will never come back. But the inevitable reaction to the dull cruelty of the old drill-schools has dotted the landscape with certain barriers and pitfalls which may well upset the march of progress, unless we spot them in time and surround them with little red fences marked "dangerous." Children are no gifts from Heaven, cellophane-wrapped little cherubs, who must be treated as such and who must be worshipped and glorified as if they formed a race apart. They are the puppies of humanity, nothing more but also nothing less. They should be treated with the utmost kindness and consideration. Any man or woman caught in an act of cruelty to children should be punished by fifty lashes in the public square just like any man or woman caught in an act of cruelty to a nest of bullfinches or chipmunks. The laws of the land should be infinitely more drastic about protecting our



HIS MAJESTY THE CHILD

infants than they are today, but when we notice the improvement that has taken place during the last fifteen hundred years or ever since the Roman fathers were deprived of their unspeakable "patria-potentas" we need not worry about the immediate future as far as the abuse of parental authority is concerned.

There is another peril that threatens the relation between the generations of today and those of tomorrow. Formerly, the parent was everything and the child was nothing. Then we went to the other extreme. The child became everything, the parent nothing. Somewhere between these two extremes lies the road that must lead us to the ultimate solution of a problem that has never yet been solved although it has been the subject of more tons of literature than any other with the possible exception of theology or the true method of squaring the circle. It is, I fear me, a problem of men and women rather than of measures, and one ounce of sensible "practice" will prove of greater benefit than ten carloads of high-falutin' "theory."

Just now we have only one duty before us, to demolish the pedestal erected to His Majesty the Child and get the infant back to the solid ground of commonsense, and reduce an image that was entirely out of gear to the rational proportions laid down a couple of million years ago by Mother Nature herself. When that shall have been accomplished we can discuss the next step. I refer to the *Saturday Review* for Saturday, November 21 of the year 2031.

Kings, Kiwis, Crocodiles

THE TRUTH ABOUT OLD KING COLE, AND OTHER VERY NATURAL HISTORIES. By G. F. HILL. With Drawings by L. LESLIE BROOKE. New York: Frederick Warne & Company. 1931. $1.75.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

AMERICA has not lacked for makers of neat and nimble verse. But, compared with England, there has been a noticeable dearth of good light verse which is also good nonsense. These States can boast of the two Carryls (Charles E. and his more gifted son, Guy Wetmore), Carolyn Wells, Gellett Burgess, and Laura E. Richards. But the English masters of nonsense have been pioneers as well as poets. Edward Lear perfected a form of absurd narrative and bequeathed the limerick to posterity; Lewis Carroll invented a language which (especially in "Jabberwocky") enriched the English tongue; W. S. Gilbert did something to the ballad which children applaud by instinct and savants are still trying to analyze; William Brighty Rands turned the sober Nursery Rhyme upside down, topsy-turvy and magically inside-out.

G. F. Hill might well be added to the select few. Hill is an English historian—a very natural historian—no relation, so far as I know, to our own Frank Ernest Hill—and he is almost unknown in this country. This is a pity, for any one of any age, sex, size, school, animal, vegetable or mineral, should enjoy him. Hill has the faculty of writing dexterously with either hand, his tongue in both cheeks. His rhyming is swift and supple, though not ostentatious; it is less tricky than Guy Wetmore Carryl's and it is (for that very reason) more sure of a response from children. Yet many a craftsman in *vers de société* might well envy Hill's tale of "The Death of the Dodo," in which the lonely bird—the last of his species left alive—is shown on the island of Mauritius "where the climate is delicious":

Every day he wept a bowlful—
Tears as salt as any sea—
Telling all the time the doleful
Tale of all his family:
All their Christian names and ages;
Not a single one he missed.
You could fill a hundred pages
With his list.

The tales themselves are as convincing as they are queer. They include "The Truth About King Cole," which depicts that merry monarch as a royal Jack-of-all-trades; "The Crafty Crocodile," which is a three-part adventure story full of gore, guile, and gusto; "The Dinosaur's Dance," which is a cross between a nightmare and a Christmas pantomime projected by H. G. Wells; "Jee and Joe," which tells what it is that elephants never forget; "The Dancing Kiwi," which is a light-headed tale of how this pathetic Australian bird lost its wings; and "Hippipippipotamus," which (just between us) is a bit flat.

Even if the rhymes were less insinuating than they are, the verses would live if only for the accompanying designs by Leslie Brooke. Brooke has always seemed to me the ideal illustrator of humorous children's books—or, rather, of humorous books for children. Here he surpasses even himself. The portrait of the toucan leaving the old dodo in a high dudgeon (well, it *looks* like a dudgeon!) is a piece of expression which Peggy Bacon might have fathered-and-mothered. The design showing the sentimental Brontosaurus singing "Auld Lang Syne" is not easy to put aside. And what child (or patriarch) will not chortle, shout, and burble at the sight of Old King Cole recklessly driving a motor-bus through traffic? Here, artist and versifier combine to make a notable team; and if Hill reminds us now and then of Gilbert, Brooke plays up to him like a pictorial Sullivan.

I suppose I should say that this volume originally appeared in 1910 and that, though this edition contains certain alterations, it is a reprint. But, having made this much plain, I ought to make one thing plainer: Get the book.

FROM "THE LIFE STORY OF BEASTS"

Nature Stories

THE LIFE STORY OF BEASTS. By ERIC F. DAGLISH. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1931. $3.

Reviewed by CARVETH WELLS

"THE Life Story of Beasts," by that distinguished artist and naturalist Eric Fitch Daglish, combines under one cover not only a work of art and valuable book of reference, but also a most delightfully entertaining collection of nature stories.

When I received his book for review, I had already ordered a copy because, in my opinion, no collection of books on natural history is complete without Mr. Daglish's valuable works.

The fact that I discovered a typographical error in the index on page 220 might have caused me some annoyance, were it not for the fact that trying to find his references to Gibbons, and not finding them on page 168 where the index told me to look, necessitated my searching for those charming anthropoid apes through many pages. But what a delightful search it was! Every chapter seemed to be filled with fascinating stories interspersed with some of the most beautiful woodcuts I have ever seen. Not only are the illustrations decorative and artistic, but they are accurate. No matter whether Mr. Daglish discusses such well-known animals as elephants, tigers, and monkeys, or whether he tells us strange tales of such rarer animals as the okapi, he manages to keep the interest of his reader throughout. In fact, I found it hard to put down the book, in my eagerness to discover what new surprise each ensuing chapter held in store.

The "Life Story of Beasts" is written in plain English, pleasurably free from Latin names, and easy to read in in every sense. The printing is excellent, and the lines are widely spaced.

Mr. Daglish tells you just the kind of things about animals you want to know; information is imparted painlessly, and it is quite obvious that the author knows his subject thoroughly.

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Gypsies for the Nursery

THE GYPSY STORY TELLER. By CORA MORRIS. Illustrated by FRANK DOBIAS. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1931. $3.

MARIE OF THE GYPSIES. By RACHEL M. VARBLE. Illustrated by EVELINA M. JACKSON. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by ELIZABETH R. PENNELL

AS a rule, the Gypsy is a pet bugaboo in the well-regulated nursery. According to the popular idea, Romanies, not content with their own prolific brood of children, are eager to add to the number by kidnapping any chance little Gorgio boy or girl who passes their way. But fashions change and this autumn, in preparation for Christmas, two books concerning Gypsies, with an obvious appeal to the nursery and the schoolroom, have already appeared. It is true that Miss Rachel M. Varble waves the danger signal in "Marie of the Gypsies," but not too vigorously. Miss Cora Morris does not wave it at all in "The Gypsy Story Teller," but she has less reason to since her book is concerned not with Gypsies but with their stories; though, in her Introductory Chapter, she manages to paint rather an alluring and idealized picture of life on the roads.

Miss Morris is not the first to tell in print the stories collected in her book, and she is careful to make this clear by giving her authorities. Romany students have long been interested in the fairy tales and folk lore of the Gypsies though, as a rule, the results of their study have been published in learned publications which, more often than not, appear in rather a severe and forbidding form and appeal to a limited audience. The *Journal of the Gypsy Lore Society* in Great Britain has given much space to them, especially in the remarkable series of Welsh tales collected by Dr. John Sampson at first hand in Wales. Miss Morris does well to borrow from him as well as from Francis Hindes Groome and Gilliat-Smith in England, Wlislocki in Transylvania, Paspati in Turkey, Michlosich in Bukowina, among others. There can be no question of the interest of these stories, nor of their value in the study no less than in the nursery. They are told with the directness that is the charm of a fairy tale. At once, without useless dawdling by the way, you are plunged into the plot:

> There was a Gypsy woman who had one son and his name was Peter Pretty-Face. He stuck his ring on the wall, and he said, "Mother, when blood flows from my ring, then I am dead."

Or, again:

> A king had a horse, and no one was supposed to see the horse except the servant who fed him. The horse was not really a horse, but the son of an ogress who had been enchanted and changed into a horse.

With such a beginning, you know where you are and pretty well what to expect. Nor, as you go on, are words wasted in description or reflection or irrelevant incident. The events that follow are recorded with as little waste of words. And the story winds up with the same comfortable straightforwardness—the straightforwardness children love: "Jack," the hero of many Welsh tales, at the end of one of them, "married the king's daughter, and they had great merry-making and feasting, and they had a basketful of children." And in another, the "Gypsy man with children as many as ants in an ant-hill," after many adventures, went to town. He got a cart and put the money in it. Then he went to the town and he built houses and he bought himself oxen and cows." The beautiful princesses and brave adventurers, the giants and dwarves, the fairies and dragons, all the beloved company who belong to Fairyland go about their business without idle chatter or dawdling by the way, and this is how children like to have their stories told. They also like to encounter old friends as they do here under new names, if indeed under any names at all. It is amusing to find one hero figuring as *Nameless*.

With Miss Varble's book it is another matter. Hers is one long story of a little girl, the Marie of the title, who was adopted, not kidnapped, by a tribe of Gypsies with whom a French artist, her father, wandered, painted their portraits and died, leaving her on their hands. These Gypsies, to judge by their dress and names, came from the Southeast of Europe, but their picturesqueness seems much too encumbered with drawbacks to induce any Gorgio child to run away from a pleasant and comfortable home. Marie is put to no such test as she never remembers any other sort of life. But, instinctively, she shrinks from their habits, their occupations, their trades. She does not quite like it when they rob the farmyard in the country and the shops in the town. She revolts against their old tricks of cheating the credulous country folk and she makes good the victims' losses. In a word, she must have been a great nuisance in the camp and when, finally, she runs away, no doubt it is a relief to Valdo, his family, and the whole tribe of which he was the chief.

However, the first part of the story which has to do with her Gypsy experience, is much the most entertaining, anyway to the grown-up reader. Miss Varble has gathered together various details of Gypsy ways and Gypsy manners, and her evident attempt to crowd as many of them as possible into a few chapters is perhaps too evident, but it would not strike children as it must those of their elders who know something of Gypsies at first hand. After Marie makes her escape, we are back in an American world where everybody is civilized and Marie finds her surroundings more to her taste. She is taken care of in a delightful settlement, develops a talent for dressmaking, enters into the service of a rich and benevolent lady who, as the result of the miraculous chance, which is always easy for authors to arrange, owns a collection of paintings by Marie's father, and practically adopts Marie. And so, all ends happily in the good old fashion. But when, at the last, Marie is meeting her own relations in Paris and planning a career as a super-dressmaker, I cannot help feeling that I would rather be back with Valdo and his family in their van on the road. This, however, is not the moral of the tale which will leave the children, for whom it is intended, more than ever content with life in a house and among people who do not fiddle and sleep and smoke life away like the three Gypsies in Lenau's ballad.

WONDER WINDOWS. By EUGENIA ECKFORD. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1931. $2.

THE approach to handicraft which is given in this book was undoubtedly successful in the progressive school in which it was first tried. It is not quite so convincing on paper, and the choice of title for the book seems unfortunate, for we doubt whether the modern child and the modern parent care to talk about eyes as "wonder windows."

Briefly, the plan of the book is this: Children are introduced to Japanese art by stories, and are then given directions for block printing and stencilling. There follows experience with Navaho pottery and rugs, Dutch tiles, carving in bone as done by the Eskimos. While the directions are clearly and simply given, the book seems somewhat trivial. It lacks the virility and broadness of content that characterizes some of the work in our best progressive schools. While it might interest handicraft-loving children in the home, it does not seem to make a very outstanding contribution to education.

TAKE a RIDE on a WHIZZING COMET

through MILLIONS and MILLIONS of MILES of SPACE

THE STARS FOR SAM

by W. Maxwell Reed

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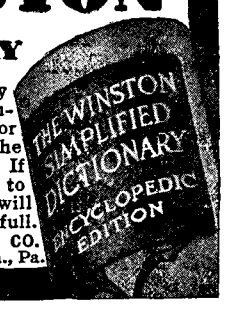

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Two Dozen Heroines

ALL TRUE. By TEN WOMEN OF TODAY. New York: Brewer, Warren & Putnam. 1931. $1.75.

FIVE GIRLS WHO DARED. Edited by HELEN FERRIS. New York: Macmillan Co. 1931. $2.50.

GREAT AMERICAN GIRLS. By KATE DICKINSON SWEETSER. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by JEANETTE EATON

IS there in your family a young creature who wears skirts, wishes she didn't, and bases her objection on the notion that life isn't exciting for girls? If so, a positively bristling contentment with her lot may be induced by the simple method of giving her three new books to read.

Between them, "All True," "Five Girls Who Dared," and "Great American Girls," relate the adventures and accomplishments of twenty-four women. All of these individuals but three are American. All but four are still making personal history. The subjects are mutually exclusive—with one exception. Amelia Earhart begins her flight in Miss Ferris's book and describes it in "All True." Taken all together the three volumes present an arresting view of the heroic, the colorful, and the great among women, contemporary and otherwise. These stories, largely told by the individuals themselves, are well calculated to reinforce the general conviction that, granted endowment and the power of will, sex is no barrier to superior achievement. Nor will the sharp eyes of youth detect in the personal narratives any corroding element of vainglory. Detached and humorous are most of the self comments.

This disarming quality, so essential to a winning autobiography, is especially evident in "Five Girls Who Dared." With her usual excellent editorial taste, Miss Ferris presents well integrated sections from already published life stories and prefaces each with a vignette of the subject which rounds out the girlhood tale up to the present moment. Because this collection contains only five personalities, it gives sufficient space for depth of treatment and through the delightful recollections of Mrs. Louise de Koven Bowen and Elizabeth Marbury bestows upon the reader precious and intimate bits of an America gone forever.

In both the other books the sketches are so brief that one rather has to bolt the heroines whole. "All True" contains merely self portraits faced by an editorial word of explanation. The galaxy includes ten women whose exploits in diverse parts of the world make vivid reading—especially since almost half this list of intrepid adventurers are relatively unfamiliar. Their acquaintance is a real contribution to an understanding, not alone of feminine lustre, but of those astounding complexities of our day into which their special talents have fitted.

"Great American Girls," by Kate Dickinson Sweetser, spans America's outstanding women from the time of Sacajawee, the romantic young squaw who helped Lewis and Clark, to Maude Adams. The ten selections are interesting and the stories have a dramatic value, unfortunately undermined by the author's tendency to gush. Because each sketch ends in a finale compared to which the advertising blurb is the epitome of restraint, the book is likely to prejudice the realistic girl of today. If she bears up under Jane Addams she will certainly say, "Blah!" to the touched-up likeness of Lady Astor. Such a method of "overselling" the heroine throws into high relief the dignified and sincere presentation achieved by Helen Ferris.

FROM THE "SING-SONG PICTURE BOOK"

Parti-Colored Tunes

THE SING SONG PICTURE BOOK. By HERBERT and JOHANNNES GRÜGER. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1931. $1.50.

NO wonder that a fabulous number of copies of "The Sing Song Picture Book" have been sold in Germany, where everyone sings, where songs are beautiful, and where picture books have reached their highest modern development. All this does not compete against the book, but makes an atmosphere in which it flourishes. It appeals to people with music not only in the ears but in the blood, and to a public accustomed to new ideas in artistic expression. On the left-hand page is a melody so simple that a baby just talking can take it readily from his mother's lips—supposing of course that she is a mother who sings to her child. On the right-hand page, opposite the music, little figures in color—it may be ducklings, little leaping horses, fir-trees of varying heights, or companies of ascending and descending angels—take the rise and fall of the tune and keep the rhythm. It sounds harder than it is; one look at the page and you get the idea. It is not trick notation, nor one of those dismal subterfuges for learning the notes of the scale by means of grotesque men and women climbing on the lines of the staff. No one learns a note from these pictures; he learns music, not how to play music.

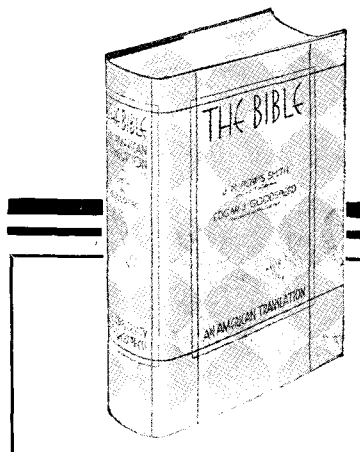
A good way to try out the book would be something like this. Borrow a baby, any baby old enough to climb into your lap and liking you well enough to do so. Show him the picture for "My Horse," which is a translation of the nursery classic "Hop, hop, hop," one of the easiest of songs to sing. He will at once indicate with a rapturous finger that these are horses; they are red and blue, but that does not fool him. Then sing the song, and as you do, follow with your finger or his along the line of little jumping horses that go up and down with the tune. You will no doubt do this more than once; sooner or later, probably days later, you can, in the course of this repeated singing, slide over on the left-hand page and do the same with the unadorned notes. That's all there is to it. But somehow it is music. On one page flocks of angels soar and come lightly to earth to the tune of "Vom Himmel hoch": it is curiously moving. Some designs are fun, like the melting snowmen and dancing hearts, or the "ten little negro boys" climbing up and tumbling down in rows; some are tender, like the lambs on green hillocks, some are strong in rhythm, like the swinging pendulums marking "Big clocks make a sound like tick-tock-tick-tock" and the little clocks that quicken the beat.

Sans Wings Or Wands

(*Continued from page* 283)

he is all the pirates. The frontier West, the old South, ancient maritime New England, have each a picture in four colors and each sums up its section and its period, the New England one in a way to bring tears to an exile. The full-page heroes look as a right-minded young person knows they should look, being heroes. The story thus indicated in pictures is expressed in words by rapid and dramatic narrative, the drama being of events rather than of persons. I am never sure that histories are accurate, but I know when they make me take part in history, and I have an idea this one may have that effect on young Americans. Small pictures in tint recur like *motifs* in the text, and the typography is a delight.

A few more books like these may take the curse off history for the young. For of all subjects it seems to need, to reach all but exceptional children, Alice's famous requirements of plenty of pictures and conversation. Here are certainly plenty of grand pictures, the style in each case sufficiently conversational, and because each is written with a central idea in mind, they hang together and form continuous narratives.



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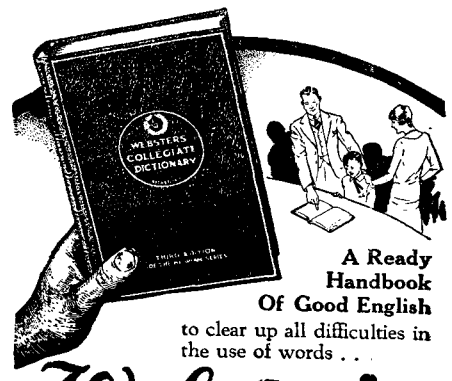

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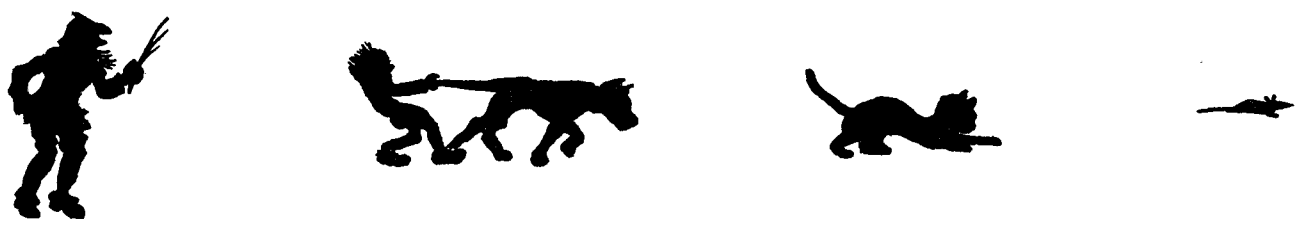

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by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Go West

GUN NOTCHES: The Life Story of a Cowboy-Soldier. By CAPTAIN THOMAS H. RYNNING. As told to AL COHN and JOE CHISHOLM. Foreword by RUPERT HUGHES. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1931. $3.

BARBWIRE. By WALT COBURN. New York: The Century Company. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by STRUTHERS BURT

IT isn't quite fair to class these two books together, for both their intent and context are different. Nor can they be classed as juveniles—if there is such a thing nowadays—for they are of equal interest to the mature. In fact, Captain Rynning's book should be read by every one who has any knowledge of the Far-West or expects to have any. It is an American Trader Horn, but far better than Trader Horn and more veracious. Indeed, it is minutely genuine from start to finish, which is by no means the case with the average history of the pioneer, especially when this history is autobiographical.

Messieurs Cohn and Chisholm have done a clever job, especially clever when one realizes that Mr. Cohn, at least, is connected with the motion pictures. But there is no editing here, and no comment, and the arrangement has been accomplished so dexterously that one is hardly aware of it. The impression is that you are sitting somewhere with Captain Rynning listening to him tell the vivid incidents of his fifty-odd years in Texas, Arizona, Dakota, and Montana. To one who, like myself, has actually done this many times with old "waddies," soldiers, and frontiersmen, the experience in print is charming and exciting.

Mr. Cohn, it seems, was a young newspaper man in Arizona and there, shortly after the turn of the century, he met and watched Captain Rynning when that active man must have been at the very height of his activities. He never forgot Captain Rynning, and twenty-five years later sent Mr. Chisholm to fasten upon Captain Rynning for the purpose of dragging his life history from him. Mr. Chisholm spent six months at this congenial task, and the result is actually an autobiography, for no one speaks from the pages but Captain Rynning, and his talk is the authentic talk of the Far-West.

The period covered is from 1882, the year, incidentally, when my own uncle went West to participate in a more or less similar life, to the present; and when you cover that period, you have covered—with the exception of the 'seventies—the most colorful and dangerous period the Far West knew; the period when cowpunching was in its glory, when the soldier was both a protection and a danger; when the great ranches were feudal estates and their owners men of every description from English Honorables, French Viscounts, Eastern millionaires, and so on, to serious-minded ex-cowboys, and when the Indian had discovered that the white man, far from being someone to welcome, was an inevitable enemy to be killed. Compared with this period, the trapper and explorer and wagon-train men led a comparatively simple and safe existence; their greatest enemy was nature.

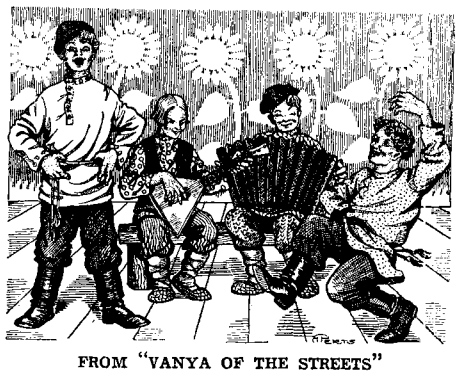
Captain Rynning began as a cowpuncher in west Texas at the age of sixteen. In his first long drive up to Dodge City, Kansas, in company with the rest of his temporarily excited outfit, the White and Moulton outfit from the Pecos, he crossed shots in a night street battle with Bat Masterson, Wyatt Earp, and other famous citizens of that dangerous town. A sobering experience for a young cowpuncher. And it seemed a sobering experience for Captain Rynning for, from that time on, he was definitely on the side of the law. But he seems to have been born an honest man and an immensely brave one.

For a long while he was a trooper in the old Eighth Cavalry, and fought in the Geronimo campaign and against other less famous Indians in the Northwest. When the Spanish War came he enlisted in the Rough Riders, where he knew Roosevelt and Leonard Wood, and was promoted to lieutenant. After that he was for years Captain of the Arizona Rangers and warden of the Arizona State Penitentiary. This is an American life as colorful as the life of Ulysses and of far more interest, and rightly, to the American young or old. The more the American realizes the epic quality of American history, the better he will understand it. This Captain Rynning, when he was sixteen, quite simply left the Mississippi, whither he had gone from Wisconsin at the tender age of fifteen, to go West "and fight Indians." The odd thing is that American youth is still doing this. They still want to go West. Not to fight Indians, for the Indians have stopped fighting, but for some other equally vague but heroic purpose. As a Far-Westerner of many years adoption and a ranchman, I am well aware of this, for hardly a week goes past but some youth, male or female, "wants to go West." This is a sorrow to me, for no one can tell anyone how to go West. They just go, the way Captain Rynning did, then meet, perhaps, some old freighter like Perry who freighted from San Antonio to the Del Rio.

Fortunately lots of the West is left, and always will be, and even if Captain Rynning makes the inevitable error of the old-times, the cowboy is not "fast disappearing." In the last census there were two hundred thousand of him.

Mr. Coburn was a cowboy until 1919 and then he hurt his leg. Like Captain Rynning he "forked leather" pretty much all over the West, but mostly in Montana. After he hurt his leg, he started to write novels. They are good novels, or rather, they are good "Westerns," because they are exciting, and you can't put them down, and you want to know what is going to happen, even if you realize that Mr. Coburn doesn't care much for accuracy and has been to the movies. His latest book is a strange blend of authenticity, because here is a cowboy talking and describing, and of anachronisms. His people talk cow-talk but, at the same time, inject into this the very latest Hollywood slang. There is no date given to his story but it must have been twenty years or so back, and is a description of a three-cornered fight—cowman, sheepman, and homesteader, or "nester." I rejoice in the way he gives the homesteader his come-uppance and shows how that ox-like creature was so often, even when not dishonest himself, the tool of dishonest men. That's a chapter in itself of Far Western history, and it has not yet been written. Mr. Coburn's leading young cowman went to Harvard, but was fired out; his leading young sheepman, the natural enemy of the young cowman, went to Yale. That's fine, and gives a Yale man a legitimate excuse for trying to shoot a Harvard man. Also, as a citizen of Wyoming, I am at sea as to what Mr. Coburn is talking about in his frequent references to the terrible cattle and sheep war that occurred south of the Montana line. Perhaps that's the way they tell the story up in Montana, but if he's referring to the T. A. War, or, in other words, the Johnson County War, which is about the only big war Wyoming ever fought except the Great War, it was a little and big cattleman's war and wasn't so very bloody, whatever the intention of the participants might have been.

Nevertheless, Mr. Coburn's tale is a fine exciting Western yarn and anyone who reads it will like it. This return of "the Western" to popular favor is a sign in the moon and an interesting walking of the wind. It is one of the symptoms of that return to normality which we are all beginning to realize is taking place. An American should prefer Western stories to gruesome tales of detectives or gunmen, and he ought to know about his West in order to salt slightly the comments of foreign and domestic post-war Cassandras. The return to "the Western" is exactly as if the Greks, after a period of flirtation with Persian ways and Persian women, had returned to Homer. After all, Mr. Mencken and Al Capone may be American phenomena but they are not typical American heroes.



FROM "VANYA OF THE STREETS"

The "Bezprizornie"

VANYA OF THE STREETS. By RUTH EPPERSON KENNELL. Illustrated by MICHAEL PERTS. New York: Harper & Bros. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

ALTHOUGH Mrs. Kennell's story is about a child and printed in big type, it is scarcely, I should say, a book for children. It aims to show the making and something of the life of one of those tragically uncared-for Russian youngsters—the "bezprizornie"—who have, at various times since the Revolution, infested Moscow and other Russian cities, begging, stealing, and, in general, living off the country, like so many foxes or packs of wolves.

They were caused by the war, the civil wars that followed the Revolution, the famine, and the chaos which broke up homes, killed or separated parents, and strewed families like driftwood in a Mississippi flood. At various periods, the "bezprizornie" have been "liquidated," as they say in Russia—disposed of as a problem, that is to say, either by putting them in homes, public or private, or simply by using strong-arm methods and driving them out of places where they were conspicuous. After a time, they cropped up again, as was inevitable, and will probably continue to be so for an indefinite time to come.

There are, naturally, all sorts of "bezprizornie," ranging from more or less amusing little ragamuffins to hideous juvenile packs eaten into by drugs and other vices. But in the nature of things, these homeless bands of dirty, half-starved youngsters are tragic figures, and it is hard to make them otherwise.

What Mrs. Kennell has tried to do is to show, sympathetically, how an innocent little peasant orphan becomes a "bezprizornie," and after several years as a beggar and thief, and slipping into and out of several "homes" and institutions to return to his gang, finally is touched and reclaimed by the Americans and clean-minded "pioneers" (a sort of Soviet boy-scout) working on a collective farm in the south of Russia, and learns how to stand on his own feet as a self-respecting worker in the new Russian order. At the very last, Vanya arrives at a sort of Oliver apotheosis and our last glimpse of him is as he sings with a rollicking chorus of his fellow "blue blouses" at a workers' entertainment on the stage of the great Bolshoi Opera House itself.

Mrs. Kennell's theme is epic in its possibilities. Done from the "inside," her Vanya might be a sort of Russian Huck Finn. Actually, the story is told from the "outside," with only such bits of local color and native psychology, accurate but obvious, as a friendly American who had spent a year or two in Russia might be expected to grasp. It does not seem to me a book for American children, but rather a story of contemporary Russian children to be read with some enlightenment by adults already interested in the whole subject of present-day Russia.

War

By DAVID MCCORD

WHEN I start war
to prattle
over a rattle
I've lost the battle.

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Mother, Father..

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Books for Girls

THE BLUE JUNK

By Priscilla Holton. Vickery Hughes returns to China with her father and discovers the significance of her little white jade monkey. Ages 12-16. $2.00

TOPLOFTY

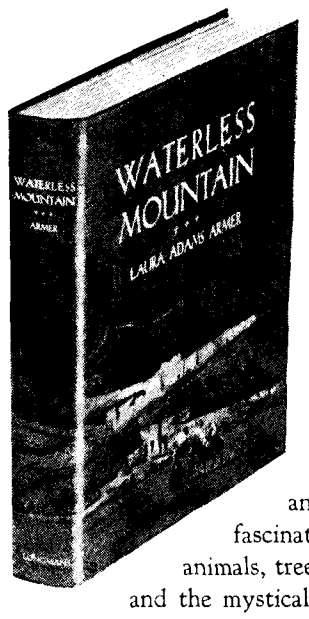
By Mary Willard Keyes. Tucked away in the New Hampshire hills is *Toplofty*, where Alice Ware visits Theodora Fraser, and makes new friends under difficulties. Ages 12-15. $2.00

ORANGE WINTER

By Marjorie Medary. This story is set in the 1880's when Hetty, who wanted to go to college, went instead with her aunt to join her uncle in Florida on one of the first orange groves in the South. Ages 12-16. $2.00

LUCK OF LOWRY

By Josephine Daskam Bacon. Barbara Wyeth, careless, impulsive, and rebellious, is fifteen when a change in family fortune sends her to the old homestead at Lowry's Corners. Ages 12-16. $2.00



Winner of the $2000 Longmans Prize

"A NEW CLASSIC"

"Waterless Mountain is a beautifully told story of a Navaho Indian boy of today. We send up a shout of joy when a prize book comes to hand which is in every sense worthy of the honor bestowed upon it."—*Chicago Tribune.* Through the eyes and mind of an Indian boy the reader of this fascinating story is made acquainted with the animals, trees, prehistoric cliff-dwellings of the west and the mystical beauty of the legends and traditions of the Navaho.

Foreword by Oliver La Farge, Author of "Laughing Boy"

WATERLESS MOUNTAIN

By LAURA ADAMS ARMER

16 illustrations in aquatone $3.00

WINNING OUT

By Marian Hurd McNeely. The vivid and truly interesting story of Winifred Allen's life in training at the hospital, and in her home on the farm. Ages 12-16. $2.00

History in Adventure

WHEELS TOWARD THE WEST

By Hildegarde Hawthorne. The story of a boy and girl who join a covered wagon train for Santa Fe. Ages 12-16. $2.00

OUT OF THE FLAME

By Eloise Lownsbery. This unusually fine story tells of the life of Pierre de Bayard as page and squire at the court of Francis I. Ages 12-16. $2.50

SHADOW OF THE CROWN

By Ivy Bolton. Francis de Maderos, a young cousin of the King, is feared by Philip II of Spain, as a possible aspirant to the throne. What happens to him is told in this thrilling tale. Ages 12-16. $2.00

THE SCARLET FRINGE

By Helen Clark Fernald and Edwin M Slocombe. An excellent romance of the Incas of the 16th century, describing the invasion of the Andes by the Spaniards. Ages 12-16. $2.00

TRY ALL PORTS

By Elinor Whitney. This tale of adventure and romance is written to the rhythm of hammers pounding in the shipyards in the Boston of 1850. Ages 12-16. $2.00

NORTHERN LIGHTS

By Mikkjel Fonhus. Against the stark setting of the frozen North the author tells the saga of a polar bear in simple and forceful language. Ages 12-16. $2.00

For Younger Readers

PIPPIN'S HOUSE

By Constance Savery. Pippin was blind and poor, but he had two treasured possessions, "inside eyes" and a little house of his very own. Ages 6-9. $2.00

TOOKY

By Berta and Elmer Hader. The enchanting story of Tooky, with *all* the pictures in color, tells the story of a baby seal living in the Arctic ice and snow, and of his friend, the Eskimo boy. Ages 4-6. $1.25

SMILEY ADAMS

By R. J. Burrough. Smiley Adams, Captain of the Westbury High School football team, notices that Ted Sturtevant has disappeared between halves of the great game of the year. What follows makes a gripping story. Ages 12-16. $2.00

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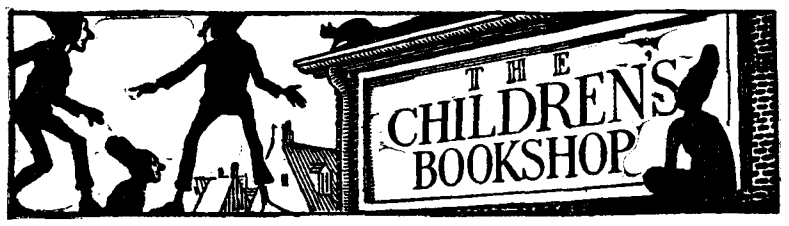

Conducted by KATHERINE ULRICH

Celebrations and Space

"SPACE! Oh, space!" It is the mournful sob of a review editor faced, as always, with the quite natural limitations of just so many words to a column. And still the books arrive—eager and winsome, with a surely-you-will-tell-the-world-about-me expression. "Yes, yes," you cluck as you bundle them off to the Authoritative Person. Perhaps the Authority ponders longer than is his wont. Perhaps his feeling about his subject soars high and handsome, his pen marches strong and fulsome. "Time—space," whispers the editor. And still the books arrive. The shelves groan, the tables groan. The glittering season of children's books is in full time. "Boys and girls should have books in and out of *every* season," mutters the editor. "We will celebrate the priority of the young in one large issue," says the Chief, and adds in a firm though not unkindly voice, "Then, back to your allotted page." Yes, once a year we do celebrate in a happy, expansive manner as column after column carries the tidings of children's books. But like the greediest goat of all, nothing short of dictionary proportions would still that cry as persistent as the evening whip-poor-will, "Oh space!"

There are other celebrations afoot for Children's Book Week. In children's book departments, in children's rooms in libraries, in schools, all over the country you may see—and be sure to benefit by—especially planned exhibits. Many of the displays are fashioned about the vivid, prancing poster, "Around the World Book Fair," which Maud and Miska Petersham did for the National Association of Book Publishers. That same association is sponsoring a radio program Wednesday, November 18, at 2:30 (Eastern Standard Time) over WABC and the Columbia network. Our Mrs. Becker, who also mans the helm of *St. Nicholas Magazine,* will, that afternoon, inaugurate the American School of Air Literature series with an "around the world book cruise." Beside the many and varied programs scheduled for the week of November 15-21st which climax the year's effort of all those who "believe in" children's books—and who does not, in one language or another?—those of us who live in the environs of New York City have an opportunity to see a collection of European books intended for the young—nearly seven hundred in number—whose published dates range from 1543 to the middle of the nineteenth century. The store of B. Westermann on West 46th Street has this interesting and lively exhibit from November 3—December 4th. We could tell you of more celebrations, but he who looks and listens knows what treats abound. If a hardened sinner (and by that we mean the bad, indifferent parent) escapes such united book wooers, alas! poor child, alas indeed.

As for the hoarder of space, make way for the books!

Verses for a Christening

By DAVID MCCORD

WHEN I was christened,
they held me up
and poured some water
out of a cup.

The trouble was
it fell on me,
and I and water
don't agree.
A lot of christeners
stood and listened;
I let them know
that I was christened.

The Gossip Shop

By RACHEL FIELD

ON October 14th last there were gala doings at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street when the main children's room had a celebration in honor of Anne Carroll Moore's twenty-fifth year as director of children's work in New York Libraries. It was an evening worthy of Miss Moore's own festivity loving heart and no guest of honor ever behaved better under avalanches of surprises than she, sitting in state in the Washington Irving armchair moved in for the occasion. Nearly all the various library branches were represented in the program and there were two puppet shows, and a cake and horn of plenty. Frederick Melcher was master of ceremonies, and of course there were telegrams by the score. Then there was a book of special tributes from artists and authors. Some of the pages in it must have made publishers want to carry it away that very night,—especially the one decorated in bright reds and greens by Hendrik Van Loon, and Dorothy P. Lathrop's exquisite one after the manner of her forthcoming "Fairy Circus," and Pamela Bianco's group of medieval children, not to mention others by Anne Parrish, Elizabeth MacKinstry, Erick Berry, Jay Van Everen, the Haders, and so many more.

Eliza Orne White writes about little girls of long ago as no one else can. This year she has added "When Abigail Was Seven" to her long list of charming, simple children's books. Abigail lived in New Hampshire and Salem in the late 1820's and we think the little old-fashioned silhouette illustrations by Lisl Hummel are perfect for the story and the period. No one to our way of thinking can snip black paper quite so skilfully. Houghton Mifflin is the publisher, and the book is two dollars.

Elizabeth McCracken who used to be one of the editors of the *Churchman* and who has written many articles for and about children in the past, has brought out through the Macmillan Company's Little Library, a group of verses that were actually kept in her own "Great Grandmother's Piece Bag," which is how the book came by its name. Every selection has been long treasured and taught to various children in the family to be recited as occasion might demand. The jacket note points out that:—"Some that used to seem serious, will seem funny in 1931. Others apply just as well now as they did then." We should rather like to revive recitations for the young, a much easier method than being expected to entertain them on week-end visits. Mary Lott Seaman has contributed some very pleasant line drawings done in exactly the right mood for these pieces, especially the one about "Meddlesome Matty," and "Dirty Hands," and the proud little girl who went to church and thought only of her new bonnet.

The diary of "Mary Scarborough Paxton" (Doubleday, Doran: $1) though charmingly decked out in a printed jacket and end-papers, we found less droll and spontaneous than we had expected. We doubt if children will take to it and it has not quite enough flavor to appeal widely to adult readers. We found it very dull except where the young diarist tells how she was laughed at in school for saying that a caterpillar was the smallest fur bearing animal. The entries are genuine enough and cover the period of Garfield's presidency.

A letter has just come from Josiah Titzell, late of the *Publisher's Weekly* and Brewer, Warren & Putnam, but now of Taxco, Mexico. Soon we expect to be the only person we know who hasn't been to Mexico, or isn't there now, or going to be there soon. We shall have to content ourselves with a painted pig and a red and black gourd whale that came from there instead.

Another prize play competition is being offered by the Women's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston. We learned of it through the latest number of the *Horn-book.* Full details may be had from headquarters. Address the magazine in care of the Bookshop for Boys and Girls, 270 Boyleston Street.

"Angus" seems to be as accepted a name for Scotch terriers nowadays as Polly for Parrot. There is one so called in "The Wooster-Poosters," a pleasantly nonsensical tale with really gay and funny pictures by Clare Mallison (Stokes: $2.50). This fantastic dramatizing of the doings of three enterprising Scotties has much of the same humor and drollery that endeared Hugh Lofting's books to so many. We felt sure the author-artist had a grand time doing it,—something that cannot be said often.

We regret to report that our favorite Cigar Store Indian has left the Third Avenue sidewalk for inside quarters more safe for early Americana. But we miss it from our neighborhood. Oliver Herford must, too, for he told us once that he always took off his hat to it in passing. Our dog barked at it upon the occasion of their first meeting. Well, fortunately we can still pass the Black Iron Hitching Post Boy on the back road near Farmington, Connecticut. Fortunately for his owners, whoever they may be, he is well cemented into his block.

Even as we write the shadow of Children's Book Week is creeping upon us,—and so,—to the mailbox on the corner.

In Forthcoming Issues of the Children's Bookshop

WHAT OF BOYS' BOOKS—1931?
BY MITCHELL V. CHARNLEY

GOOD BUT NEGLECTED BOOKS
BY ANNE L. HAIGHT

RECENT BOOKS ON AVIATION
REVIEWED BY LIEUT. BARRETT STUDLEY

"CALICO BUSH," BY RACHEL FIELD
REVIEWED BY HENRY S. CANBY

"THE TRUCE OF THE WOLF," BY MARY GOULD DAVIS
REVIEWED BY MARGARY BIANCO

"He was the last of the great feudal lords
— — — the first of the great modern politicians"

GEORGE WASHINGTON

REPUBLICAN ARISTOCRAT
BY BERNARD FAŸ

A new Washington—human, vital, understandable—emerges from the pages of this suave and brilliant biography by the distinguished French author of "Franklin, The Apostle of Modern Times." Illustrated, $4.00

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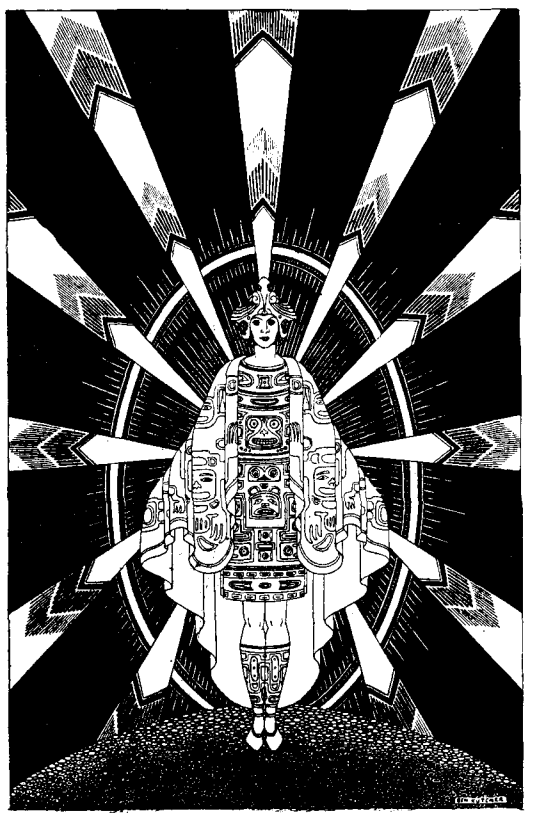
Reviewers Say This About Our New Books for Boys and Girls:



Folklore from Alaska

OLD RAVEN'S WORLD
BY JEAN WEST MAURY

An Indian boy and an American boy play together in Alaska and re-live the Tlingit Indian legends about Old Raven who made the world. "I hope that these stories will have a good circulation because you have preserved the local and the aboriginal color so much better than is commonly the case in similar collections."—*From John R. Swanton, Bureau of American Ethnology.* With 7 illustrations by Ben Kutcher. $2.00

A City Story for Girls

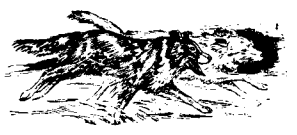
MARIE OF THE GYPSIES
BY RACHEL M. VARBLE

Marie wanders with an American Gypsy tribe until at fourteen she goes to live at a settlement house in Detroit—and solves the secret of her love for dressmaking. "It is the best thing Mrs. Varble has done, and one of the worthwhile books for girls for the year."—*From a New York librarian.* With 19 illustrations by Evelina M. Jackson. $2.00

Mystery for Girls

CASTLE SECRETS
BY JEAN SEIVWRIGHT

A castle in Scotland saves its young owner by revealing its treasures. "*Castle Secrets* is too good to be true. I've always wanted to rummage in the attics of some of those old castles, and here is my chance without the spiders."—*From a Maine librarian.* With 12 illustrations by Arthur R. Herrick. $2.00



WISH IN THE DARK
BY LENORA M. WEBER

Some one is stealing cattle from the Double S ranch, and the three Delaney children solve the mystery. Advance orders for this book from Colorado speak as loudly as verbal commendation. With 11 illustrations by F. Strothmann. $2.00

Historical Stories for Boys

DRAGON'S THUNDER
BY KENNETH PAYSON KEMPTON

A Boston lad finds treasure and dedicates it to Oglethorpe's Colony. "It is a thrilling tale of a period about which there is too little recorded, and an able leader who has received little enough glory."—*From an Illinois librarian.* With 13 illustrations by Wilfred Jones. $2.00

THE SCARLET COCKEREL
BY CLIFFORD M. SUBLETTE

This tale of the French Huguenot Colonists in the Carolinas, awarded the Charles Boardman Hawes Prize, is now issued in the Beacon Hill Bookshelf. 6 illustrations in full color by Frank E. Schoonover. $2.00

Romance for Older Girls

PEARLS OF FORTUNE
BY ALICE ALISON LIDE AND MARGARET ALISON JOHANSEN

The love story of a Russian princess who flees to Alabama in 1711, and of a nobleman of New France. "It has been my privilege to make a very intensive study of Alabama history during the last thirty years and I wish to congratulate your firm upon securing the manuscript of a book that preserves with such fidelity the historical atmosphere of the period in which the story is set, as well as upon the excellent tale which these two Alabama women have developed."—*From Marie Bankhead Owen, Director, State Department of Archives and History, Montgomery, Alabama.* With 12 illustrations by Philip Cheney. $2.00

A Story of the Reserve Mallet

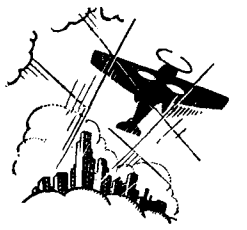
JIMMY GOES TO WAR
BY LESLIE W. QUIRK

Boys and girls should know about the World War in which some of their relatives served. They can learn of one phase by driving with Jimmy in his *camion,* supplying the Front with men, food, and munitions. "*Jimmy Goes to War* is authentic and thrilling, a side of the war we are not used to hearing of."—*From a New York librarian.* With 9 illustrations by Raymond Lufkin. $2.00

A Story of School and Work

HIS OWN STAR
BY RUSSELL GORDON CARTER

A boy leaves school to go to work; he thinks an education is unnecessary to success. "I liked Mr. Carter's attitude toward education. I think it is a timely theme. Perhaps because of the chaotic economic conditions, we have never had so many of our boys and girls wanting to leave school and get a job."—*From an Illinois librarian.* With 19 illustrations by Heman Fay, Jr. $2.00



Records of Achievement

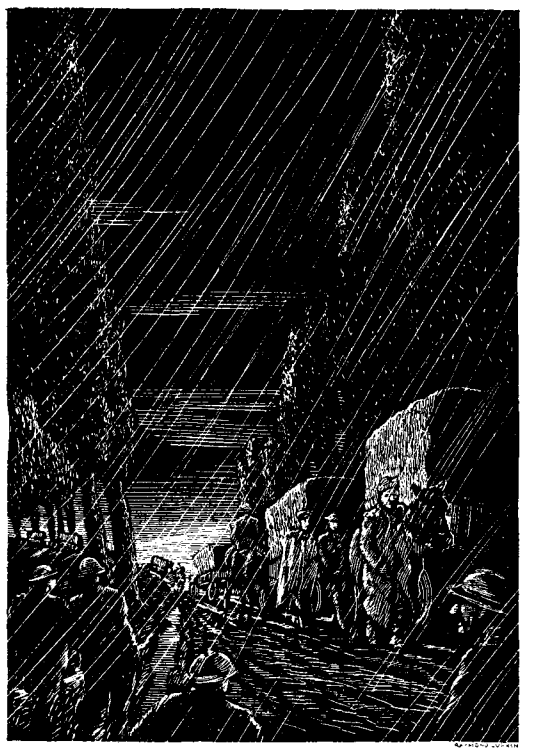
HEROES OF CIVILIZATION
BY JOSEPH COTTLER AND HAYM JAFFE

Vivid biographies of thirty-four people who dedicated their lives to exploration, pure science, invention, biology, and medicine. "The actual heroes in the drama of life so often outrival those of fiction that it is gratifying to find a book which so thrillingly depicts the deeds of real men and which can be as whole-heartedly recommended to juvenile readers."—*Scientific Book Club Review, October, 1931.* With 35 illustrations by Forrest W. Orr. $3.00

A Doll Picture Book

A DOLL'S DAY
BY BEATRICE BRADSHAW BROWN

"A doll and a 'mother' that will win the hearts of little girls. The doll is being brought up so well, hour by hour, that she is an example even to mothers. There is something restful about this bright little volume. Maybe it is the smooth rhyme of the text; possibly it is the clean simplicity of the drawings. At any rate, we have a constructive play and picture book."—*John Martin's Book, November, 1931.* Profusely illustrated by Barbara Brown. $1.75



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The Greatest Show on Earth

CIRCUS. By PAUL EIPPER. New York: The Viking Press. 1931. $3.

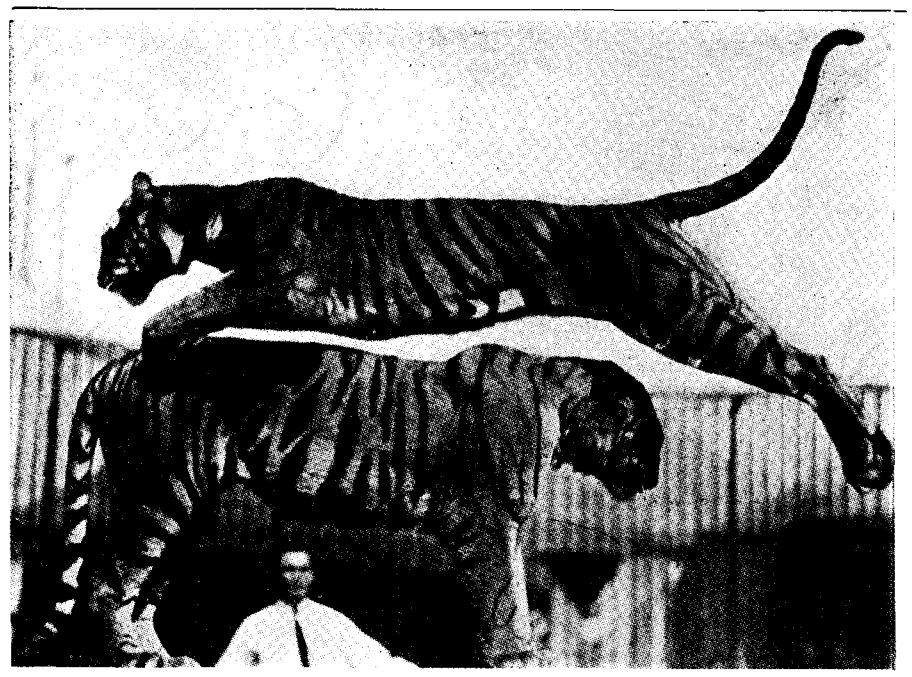
CIRCUS DAY. By COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1931. $2.

CIRCUS! By BETTY BOYD BELL. New York: Brewer, Warren & Putnam. 1931. $1.75.

THE SILVER TRAPEZE. By ROBERT STARKEY. New York: Duffield & Green. 1931. $1.75.

Reviewed by ALLEN CHAFFEE

NOTHING could present a greater contrast than these four books. Paul Eipper writes with real literary charm. A man who so loves animals that he has come to know all the wild beast trainers, and through them, has come to be the friend of all circus folk, he has spent many weeks traveling with them through Western Europe. In "Circus" he gives us the dramatic narrative of twenty days spent with a German traveling circus in Sweden. The book, admirably translated by Frederick H. Martens, bears the subtitle, "Men, Beasts, and Joys of the Road," and is divided chronologically, from the first to the twentieth days. It is an account to delight young and old.



FROM "CIRCUS" (VIKING)

Once arrived at the green mushroom of the big top, Mr. Eipper lived in one of the housekeeping wagons; and we have a photograph to prove that Rani, a strong, handsomely striped tiger, who moves "soft-pawed and light as a feather" over the grass on her leash, came walking up the steps to pay a friendly call. Mr. Eipper also introduces us to the seal and elephant trainers, Carl Haupt and Willy Peters, and young Alfred Kaden, who rides a horse—the lion's natural prey, into a den of the tawny beasts. In each case, "gentling" is the method of training employed. Not that every animal reciprocates. One man, Richard Sawade, now director of the Carl Hagenbeck circus in Germany, spent eighteen months in hospital after a mauling from a lion.

Eipper has meetings, from day to day, with the Somali chief and his Africans, and many other human performers, especially the clown Kalle Bronett, with his unique facial masks and properties of his own invention; and we hear discussions of various Pierrots and Charlie Chaplins of the one ring European circuses, who underline the weaknesses of humanity, securing laughter by parody, grotesquerie, wit, or the humor of situation. We finish the sizable volume feeling as if we had learned a good deal in a most enjoyable manner. We, too, have been happy for a long time. The many excellent photographs are by Hedda Walther.

Courtney Ryley Cooper, who ran away twenty-eight years ago to be a clown, but who has become a popular writer, tells of the transition he has witnessed in the American circus; and it has been a stupendous evolution, from the old days of short-changing, cruelty to animals, and dining on their trainers. I myself recall Captain Ricardo as a grave and kindly man who coaxed his lions with soft words and purred to his tigers. True, those he singled out for "work" he kept at a respectful distance, their first few meetings, by a kitchen chair held legs outward before his person. But the buggy whip of the arena is surely never used in punishment: it merely snaps out signals and directs the way. The Captain finds tigers more catlike and lions doglike. He tells of a tiger who had escaped from a zoo and was hiding, terrified, in the woods. The Captain first began purring to her and murmuring cajoleries. By the end of an hour of this, the tiger began purring in return. But while the Captain can handle most lions and tigers, he believes all leopards are unfit to train. This book, too, is outstanding.

Betty Bell, who wrote "Circus!" with Janet Mabie as her editor, is the eleven year old daughter of a man with Ringling Bros., Barnum & Bailey's Circus, and she once helped entertain Mrs. Calvin Coolidge under the big top. The child tells of that experience, and of the birthday parties on the lot, rainy evenings, moving day, and the home life of the sleeping-cars that traverse the continent. She also relates the story of how the seven Ringling boys started their career by rigging up a show in their father's barn. She writes in the first person, and her style is at times as colloquial as if someone had taken down her casual conversation in shorthand. At other times, though, she gives bits of dialogue and atmospheric detail with a vividness that seems incredible, considering Betty's age.

"The Silver Trapeze" was written by an aerialist and he makes his hero one; but the story is most indifferently written, the dialogue is stilted, the plot reminiscent of the old fashioned thriller. The tale follows the fortunes of an orphaned farm boy, Bob Smith, whose guardian is trying to cheat him out of his supposedly small patrimony. But why judge the work as art? The small boy for whom it is intended will not be too critical of mental food that ranks with peanuts, popcorn, and pink lemonade.

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Diversified Dragons

THE BOOK OF DRAGONS. Compiled by O. MURIEL FULLER, illustrated by ALEXANDER KEY. New York: Robert W. McBride. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by ELEANOR SHANE

CAN it be that dragons have changed since our days, or is it the lovely illustrations in this book that rob the stories of their rightful horror? Perhaps we spoiled the effect by beginning at the end—because E. Nesbit caught our eye—and easing into the dragon world by way of the harmless old Last-of-the-Dragons whose greatest delight was to be called "dear." Or perhaps it is just the callousness of old age. Or perhaps Miss Fuller and Mr. Key have a warm spot in their hearts for dragons, which warmth is diffused through the pages.

Whatever the answer to that question, the book strikes one first of all as a thing of beauty. A golden dragon on the beautiful green cloth cover bears all the earmarks of the terrifying monster we knew in our childhood, but steps along so jauntily that we feel only eagerness in opening the book to meet his brothers. Within, the illustrations are in black and white, the frontispiece and two others in colors. Scales, horned backs, venomous tongues, lashing tails—all the gruesome old touches are here, but a humorous eye, a bored glum expression, and always a perfect balance and grace in the picture, make these beasts something entertaining to even the neurotic child, and not the proper cause of nightmares. Paper, type, and general make-up are excellent. It is a book to save for Book Week in schools and libraries, for display cases in bookshops, and for a special corner on the children's Christmas table.

The stories vary in quality as is natural, coming as they do from many countries and sources. One thinks of dragons in connection with Merrie England's heroes and Norway's giants, but few of us suspect Greece, the Bahama Islands, Rumania, of harboring the monsters. It is a pleasant surprise to meet them casually among the simple fishermen, to find them occasionally befriending man instead of devouring him. For wealth of incident and detail the laurels go to the Countess D'Aulnoy's Green Dragon. Here, in the longest story in the book, are included elements of nearly every fairy story in print. The most insatiable child will be too dazed to ask the usual "Then what did she do?". There is a matter-of-fact little tale from the Chinese with its emphasis on the authority of the great great grandfathers, its exactness of detail and economy of speech. Saint George is here, of course, and the glamorous Siegfried. Some of the stories are in the simple style of the early tellings, others more conscious and sophisticated; some taken from story tellers of acknowledged authority and skill, others from less well known sources. Many countries are represented, many stages in the development of the folk tale. Six, at least, of the stories, the publishers tell us, have not appeared before in a book for children.

Not many children, probably, will care to read the book from cover to cover, as they would a fairy story book of varied themes. Children do not need their reading matter classified, although they will not object to it. But teachers, children's librarians, and perhaps many parents will be grateful to find in one book, and that so entirely satisfactory a one, all the dragon stories ever needed for any occasion. Miss Fuller's "Book of Dragons" is a useful source book and a credit to the growing company of makers of books for children.

The Dog Hero

IGLOO. By JANE BREVOORT WALDEN. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by FELIX RIESENBERG

LIFE and literature have celebrated many human heroes and in the course of making endless books, dogs have played their part in fact and fiction. The famous Great Dane belonging to that intrepid polar character, Captain Hatteras, was made a notable part of Jules Verne's great story of the polar seas, but the world has waited for an Arctic story devoted to the celebration of an actual, lovable canine hero. This dog, Igloo, a small Fox Terrier, after remarkable adventures in the city of Washington, was befriended by a lady and through her interest, joined the fortunes of Admiral Byrd, accompanying him on the Spitzbergen adventure.

Igloo became air-minded and inured to polar hardships. He accompanied Byrd to Little America and the story of his life from the Arctic to the Anarctic makes a fascinating record.

Jane Brevoort Walden has written the story of his life. Millions have seen Igloo in the motion pictures, but he lives again in the pages of this book, nobly, bravely and with a touch of understanding seldom found on the printed page.

Admiral Byrd in his preface ends with the quotation—"He was more than a friend." The book is delightfully illustrated by Diana Thorne, whose drawings of animals are known to many. It will prove a welcome and distinguished book of intense interest, not only to the young, but to those adults who happily retain a youthful sense of appreciation. Igloo, with a true insight and delight of the adventure he was undergoing, became a prime favorite with the crew and entered into the spirit of the great adventure he was destined to take part in. This book is distinctly worth while.

Redcoated Constables

RENFREW RIDES NORTH. By LAURIE YORK ERSKINE. New York D. Appleton & Co. 1931. $2.

MR. ERSKINE always writes skilfully and excitingly, and his new book—the fourth about Douglas Renfrew, his favorite hero—is no exception. The book as a book suffers from the fact that it is actually a series of short stories, tied together by the most tenuous of threads. But it takes Renfrew back to his first job as scarlet-coated officer in the Canadian Mounted Police, and his adventures are thrilling enough to satisfy every boy who gets his hands on the book.

Contrasted with "Renfrew of the Royal Mounted," this set of tales is a little disappointing. It has not the strength in any of its individual stories that characterized such exceptional tales as "The Man Who Went Down" and "The Man Who Travelled Light." One feels that perhaps Mr. Erskine was forced to dig deeper for his material, and that he has not found, in his search quite as outstanding yarns in the annals of this famous police order.

One does not always find in this book Mr. Erskine's best writing, either. Again in contrast with the earlier tales, or with "After School"—the classic little story of Nathan Hale—the new book suffers.

But it is probably unfair to deal in contrasts, for "Renfrew Rides North" on its own is undeniably a good book for boys to read and to own. Mr. Erskine is writing about things he knows; he draws his material from actual experiences of the redcoated constables. He writes with a restraint, a feeling, and an expert touch achieved by very few writers for boys. And in this volume, as in his others, he has woven fine characterization with stirring adventure in a manner that makes the book an excellent one. Not only boys but also men will find it engrossing.

South of Zero

By M. I. Ross

Illustrated by John D. Whiting

"A splendid narrative in which a boy stowaway on an expedition to the Antarctic paints one of the most realistic and moving pictures of the actual conditions and experiences in modern exploration. Will appeal to men and boys alike."—H. R. HUNTTING CO. A member of the Byrd Expedition says: "It is a good job—the most realistic of any I have ever read." $2.00

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Illustrated by Harvé Stein

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By George Froeschel

Illustrated by Kurt Szafranski

"Bobby is a tale of the thrilling adventures of a small British lad, a sailor's son, born to the docks and alleys of Liverpool in mid-nineteenth century, who finds himself precipitated into a sea-going masquerade as the Prince of Wales, for whom an official double is needed in a crisis of state. A book with many attractive qualities."—*N. Y. Herald-Tribune.* $2.50

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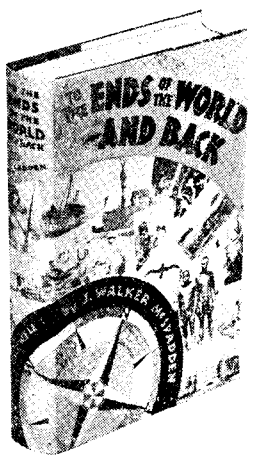

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Picture Books Ahoy

Reviewed by RACHEL FIELD

EVERY Fall the new picture books begin to appear on shelves and counters with the perennialness of autumn leaves. One would miss them from the landscape as much as birch yellow or maple red. This year the crop seems larger than usual, with such well known names as Kurt Weise, Wanda Gág, Helen Sewell, Elsa Beskow, Berta and Elmer Hader, Lois Lenski, and Dorothy P. Lathrop attached. But there are plenty of newcomers, too, from as far as Russia and as near as across our own street.

Two of these foreign imports concern themselves with crocodiles, which rather prejudiced me, for personally I am not much drawn to the crocodile race, with the possible exception of the one in "Peter Pan." "Once there Was a Big Crocodile" is a picture story book by one "Margaret," who bears besides this a long hyphenated German name. The Macmillan Company ($1.50) publishes it, and the color printing is very good indeed. The second story in it about a mouse family seemed more appealing. Very little children will like it, but probably not so well as the mouse tale by Wanda Gág, "Snippy and Snappy," so very much in the mood of her popular "Millions of Cats" (Coward-McCann: $1.50). To my way of thinking the pictures in this third book by Miss Gág are better than any she has done for children. She has not made as many of the queer oyster-shell shaped full-page effects as in the earlier ones, and she has continued her fascinating portrayal of familiar household furnishings. These, in their detail and fantastic size as compared with the two small mice who are the chief actors, give it a charm and piquant quality sure to attract children, both the imaginative and matter-of-fact sort. The story, too, is simply and gaily written, for fun and not for information, although it has an excellent moral about meddling. Incidentally the same moral and mousy background figure in Vera Neville's "The Meddlesome Mouse" (Macmillan: $2.50). Miss Neville is a newcomer to picture books, but I think it safe to predict that she will be popular with her young audience. Her illustrations are droll and delicate. In a medium entirely different from Miss Gág's she has also worked out her individual style with sureness and skill. Next time, perhaps, her text will have a little more distinction, though that may be asking too much. After all, Beatrix Potter is one of the few artists who have a way with words.

But to return to the other crocodile book—this one bears the simple title "Crocodile" (Lippincott: $1.50) and is from present-day Russia with the original pictures and a running accompaniment of verse by one K. Chvkovsky, translated with great rhyming facility by Babette Deutsch. It is all about a bad crocodile who swallowed a dog and a policeman and dear knows what besides, and who was forced to cough them up by a brave young Russian hero. No doubt children will delight in it, though I cannot truthfully say that I would have liked it at an early age, nor do I now for all that the jacket informs me that over a quarter of a million copies have been sold.

For the very, very young with more conventional taste "Karl's Wooden Horse," the simple story of a Swedish toy in action (Laidlaw: $1), has nice color and is a pleasant size to handle, being not too big for comfort and intimateness, as is "Nip and Tuck" (Longmans, Green: $1), dealing with the adventures of two over-adventurous dachshunds. Here the colored illustrations are clear and realistically handled by Willy Planck with a rhyming text by Christine Turner Curtis. A peasant tale called "Two Times Two Is Four" (Crowell: $1.50), from the Swedish of Zacharas Topelius, has nice, drawing-book pictures by Katharine Dewey and an especially successful end-paper. The text is printed in hand lettering. In this instance it seems to fit the little book, but this is seldom the case. On the whole, type seems best if it is well planned.

From Doubleday, Doran Junior Books Department comes a mammoth affair entitled "The Shire Colt," by Zhenya and Jan Gay ($2). Its awkward size and general air of over-sumptuousness prejudiced me at the start and this impression was not helped by the clumsy lithographs which break the poor colt up into sections like a jig-saw puzzle. If this is the latest thing in artistic illustration for children, then give me "the funnies." At least they are frankly ugly and unpretentious. Fortunately from the same department come three other picture books for which we can feel more enthusiasm. There is the second book about Angus, the inquisitive Scotch terrier, and his adventures with a cat ($1). Good fun this, and simple, realistic color. "Joe Buys Nails" ($1.50), from the pen and brush of Kurt Weise, who can make animals look the way they ought to look, is also thoroughly pleasant in its naturalness. "Joan and Pierre" ($2) pictures a little American girl's summer in France. The text is sprinkled with those

FROM WANDA GAG'S "SNIPPY AND SNAPPY"

small, bright sketches that delight a young reader, and the author-artist, May Mulvany Dauteur, is modern in her approach without sacrificing action or detail to her sense of design.

Lois Lenski disappointed us this year in "Benny and His Penny" (Knopf: $2). It lacks entirely the usual humor and charm of this artist's quaint, tapestry-like scenes and people. The color seemed pale and uninteresting, and the pictures too cluttered. Children will doubtless enjoy finding the new copper penny embedded in the cover, but tricks like that never seem fair to us. A book is a book, not a pig-bank. Miss Lenski's other contribution to the juvenile book field is more appealing. It is the tale of a little old lady, "Grandmother Tippytoe" (Stokes: $2), who lived with a china cat, a blue glass hen, a hooked rug dog, a cuckoo-clock, and a real parrot. Here the pictures have more spirit and humor, and the story much that is pleasant in the telling, though it would have been improved greatly by cutting. It should be a smaller book in every way.

The Haders, Berta and Elmer, are as usual responsible for a number of picture books. This year they have done no less than four. "Lion Cub" (Doubleday, Doran: 75 cents) is a fourth in the jungle series with a simple running comment on the Haders' pictures by Hamilton Williamson, and they have made the pictures for Anne Stoddard's "Bingo Is My Name" (Century: $1). But in "Tooky" (Longmans, Green: $1.25) they have done both pictures and text, as they have in "The Farmer in the Dell" (Macmillan: $2.50). The latter is an account both in words and pictures of life on an American farm of today. There are many excellent full pages in color, and as Mr. Melcher of the *Publisher's Weekly* pointed out, it is probably the first time in the history of children's books that a farmer has been pictured as a fairly young man, without a beard!

Helen Sewell's work is always distinguished, but although her black and white illustrations for her amusing "A Head for Happy" (Macmillan: $2.50) are interesting and the three little girls well characterized, it somehow didn't appeal to me as her earlier, simpler pictures did—like those in "Menagerie" of several seasons ago, and "Mr. Hermit Crab."

"I Like Automobiles" (John Day: $1.75) is an attempt by Dorothy Baruch to ex-

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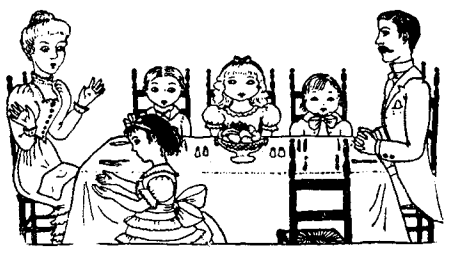
press a small boy's feeling for the different automobiles he sees passing. It might have been a real contribution to the list of books growing out of modern invention, but somehow it didn't succeed. I cannot feel that children will recognize in these forced verses and even more strangely contorted pictures by Gyo Fujikawa the cars that are so much a part of everyday life.

With relief I turn to the simple, naive, and beautifully colored pictures that Elsa Beskow has made of two children for "The Adventures of Peter and Lotta" (Harper's: $2). Here are children lost in the woods; riding on merry-go-rounds, and playing with animals in a foreign countryside. Mushrooms and cones are in the foreground; flowers on the little girl's kerchief and all the clear, simple detail and color that very little children prefer to all the more serious-minded attempts at pure design. "The Little Princess in the Wood" and "Butterfly Land" are both foreign imports (Stokes: $1.50) of this same general type, but with far inferior illustrations by Sibylle v. Olfers. However, the little stories that Helen Dean Fish has written to go with the pictures have naturalness and charm that one seldom finds in this sort of thing.

"The Picture Book of Houses," by E. A. Verpilleux (Macmillan: $2), while definitely written and pictured to give children an understanding of the development of houses through the ages, has some splendid full color pages and far more spirit and vigor than one expects to find in the information type of book.

The photographic picture book seems to be gaining in popularity, though for my part I do not believe that children will ever prefer it to color and an artist's imagination. Of course, the Steichen-Martin picture book for babies just learning to recognize everyday objects was an interesting experiment, and a successful one according to mothers and teachers' reports last year. Now there is a sequel—"The Second Picture Book" (Harcourt, Brace: $2) showing slightly older youngsters playing with these same objects. Lena Towsley, already well known for her delightful photographic studies of children, has done a whole series in "Peggy and Peter" (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.50). A little girl and boy are presented in all the small doings of their day—waking, tricycle riding, spinach eating, nap-taking, and all the rest. Photographically it is a charming book, but one to appeal to fathers and mothers more than to children themselves. Then there is "The Picture Book of Animals," selected and translated from the German (Macmillan: $2). It is a fine collection and should be a boon to nature study classes and scout groups. "The Iron Horse," by Adele Gutman Nathan and Margaret S. Ernst (Knopf: $2), is another book of camera studies. In this case they are all of engines and trains showing the development of our modern locomotive from its earliest beginnings to the present. As a rcord this is valuable, but whether the children for whose edification it is intended will care for it seems to me doubtful. Often, too, the choice of photographs seemed poor and lacking in variety. But then to the average person one steam engine doesn't look very different from another! "The Shadows' Holiday," by Larry June and Joseph Alger (Farrar & Rinehart: $1.50), is another example, and a very poor one, of this photographic method. Where it is going to lead us to if the number keeps increasing as it has in the last year I dread to think. Even more skill in selection of material and in an imaginative handling of subject matter is needed to produce a really distinguished book of this type. Photography is no longer a novelty and should be judged by the same standards of excellence that have lately done so much to make books for little children better than the chromo and cambric affairs they were not so many seasons ago.



FROM "GRANDMOTHER'S PIECE BOOK"

Darwin Sails

THE VOYAGE OF THE BEAGLE. By AMABEL WILLIAMS-ELLIS. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by WINIFRED NOTMAN PRINCE

YOUNG persons who want real food for thought, and, happily, there are many, will enjoy this book about Charles Darwin. For one boy of my acquaintance, whose surgeon great-grandfather was expelled from an Illinois church because he believed in evolution, that name spells magic. To other boys and girls, who have followed the travels of Colonel Lindbergh and Rear-Admiral Byrd, the earlier travels of Charles Darwin will be welcome reading; and to those who have fallen under the spell of William Beebe, Darwin's account of his five-year voyage as naturalist on board H. M. S. Beagle will give rare delight.

Whether the method of editing adopted by Mrs. Williams-Ellis will meet with their unqualified approval, time will show. At least the author of so excellent a book as "How You Begin," who has had the collaboration of four intimate young friends, may experiment. Future books of a similar type, may profit by her courage.

It is to be hoped that this book will introduce a great modern to as large a circle as that to which the Rev. A. J. Church has introduced Odysseus, and that the interest aroused will carry some of the young readers to Darwin's own writings, just as they are turning in increasing numbers to Homer himself.

FROM "SNIPPY AND SNAPPY"

Mothers' Helpers

SOMETHING TO DO. By LUELLA LYONS. Illustrated by EDNA REINDEL. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1931. $2.

WITH the use of household left-abouts, such as buttons, magazine advertisements, wrapping paper, etc., three enterprising children make jointed animals of buttons, scrapbooks, party invitations, jig-saw puzzles, toy theatres, waste-baskets—fifty-two ingenious make-at-home things. The directions are simple and clear, the illustrations equally so and amusing.

THE BUSY BOOK. By F. L. BARTLETT and A. CONOVER. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1931. $1.

A HELPFUL bridge across the rainy days with games, puzzles, stories, tricks, a little bit of countless businesses so varied as to be well nigh confusing without adult supervision. Black and white illustrations help focus the interest.

THE QUIZZLE BOOK. By JOHN M. WEATHERWAX. New York: Duffield & Green. 1931. $1.50.

QUESTION games, thirty in all, for boys and girls, but let the grown-ups play, too, for the questions range over such topics as sports, literature, politics, music, vocabulary, geography, etc. The publisher points out that they are "excellent exercise in memory and following orders." Indeed yes. However, those just at their 'teens will doubtless make a higher rating than those above or below.

We gratefully acknowledge our indebtedness to the Gumuchian Catalogue, "Les Livres de l'Enfance," for the design on the cover of this Children's Book number. The cover design is adapted from an old French title page reproduced in the catalogue.

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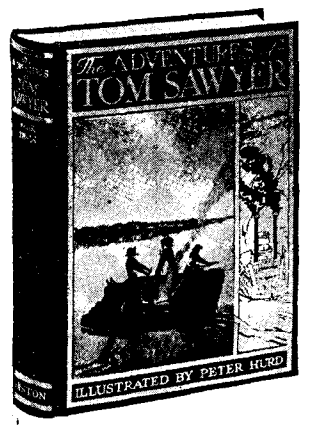

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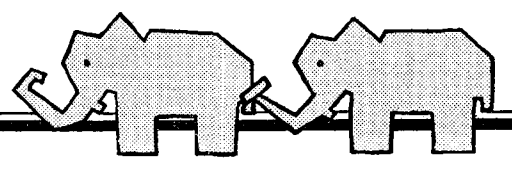

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Fables by a Master

IVAN THE FOOL, AND OTHER TALES. By LEO TOLSTOY. Translated by Mr. and Mrs. AYLMER MAUDE. New York: Oxford University Press. 1931. $2.50.

THE six stories included in this volume were written, according to Mr. and Mrs. Maude, because Tolstoy "felt it unfair to eat bread made of grain the peasants grew without offering them food for their minds which they could digest as easily as he digested their bread."

To one of the tales, "A Prisoner of the Caucasus," the slightly self-conscious simplicity of this explanation scarcely applies, for this story, a favorite in beginner's courses in Russian, was written in 1870, before Tolstoy's "conversion" and his extreme preoccupation with the superior virtues of the simple life. It is an ideal boy's story—straight adventure, the narrative of a Russian soldier's capture by the Tartars, his experiences with the latter, and his escape, aided by a little Tartar girl whom he had befriended. It was based on Tolstoy's own experiences as a young officer in the Russian army, and has all the admirable Tolstoyan simplicity and concreteness, simple and sound and nourishing, like homemade, whole-wheat bread.

The other five tales, "Ivan the Fool," "God Sees the Truth, But Waits," "What Men Live By," "Two Old Men," and "Where Love is, God is," were written about fifteen years later, after he had begun to feel distaste for his own great novels and became convinced, as he put it in "What is Art?", that "to compose a fairy-tale, a touching little song, a lullaby, an entertaining riddle, an amusing jest, or to draw a sketch which will delight dozens of generations or millions of children and adults, is incomparably more important and more fruitful than to compose a novel or a symphony, or paint a picture, which will divert some members of the wealthy classes for a short time and then be for ever forgotten."

How sound or how silly this notion of art may be, need not be gone into here—the stories or fables, are, at any rate, the work of a master. Although not "children's stories," in the conventional sense, they were consciously composed to touch and be understood by the simplest minds, the peasants on Tolstoy's own estate, for instance, and are, therefore, suitable for children, just as are many of the tales and allegories of the Bible.

All of them present, in one way or another, the Tolstoyan view of a Christianity literally interpreted and applied, a simple society ruled by love. In "Ivan the Fool," Tolstoy's argument for the abolishment of nationalistic rivalries, as expressed in armies and wars of conquest, for his doctrine of literal non-resistance, is presented in the form of an allegory of Ivan the "fool" and his two brothers, Simon the Soldier and Taras the Stout.

Simon's fighting and Taras's "organization and commercial development" both came to nothing, for the simple but sensible people found out, at last, that Taras's gold wasn't very interesting or useful, while Simon's soldiers soon got bored and refused to fight folks, who, when their country was invaded, wouldn't fight back but invited the invaders to go as far as they liked and meanwhile took them into their homes and entertained them most hospitably. Ivan the Fool's kingdom became, eventually, a sort of pastoral Eden, where nobody had any money but everybody had comfort and peace. There was just one special custom there—"whoever had horny hands came to the table, but those who had not, had to eat what the others left."

If the doctrine of non-resistance is as hard to apply in a world armed, as ours is, to the teeth, as the doctrine of a society based on handwork and moneyless barter is hard to apply in a world of machines, the spiritual goal which Tolstoy aimed at nevertheless remains a goal for a society which professes Christianity, whatever pragmatic facts bar the way. "Ivan theFool" and all the other tales stand on their own feet as stories, and such practical objections as may be made to their philosophy young folks will doubtless find out for themselves soon enough.

In "Two Old Men," we have the contrast between the pilgrim who went all the way to Jerusalem, ignoring those whom he might have helped along the way, and the pilgrim who never got there but found God when he stopped on the road to help a starving peasant family. "Where Love Is, God Is," by its title, sufficiently explains itself. One or two of the tales first came to Tolstoy from peasant story-tellers, and some were added to by peasants to whom he told or read them. All have been printed before, but are offered here to children for convenience's sake, and as an easy introduction to the works which today's young people will want to read a little later on.

Medieval Poland

THE GOLDEN STAR OF HALICH. By ERIC P. KELLY. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY NOBLE MACCRACKEN

THROUGHOUT this stirring tale of Poland in the fourteenth century, runs the mystery of the Golden Star of Halich. What is this strange symbol—if such it be—that is drawing together the Slavic nations in a plot to form a new and wonderful empire? The young hero, Michael, sets out to find the answer, which the king of Poland has set his heart on revealing. His exciting adventures, his capture and escape, and final solution of the mystery furnish a plot which is not only thrilling but convincing. Little by little he finds out what is behind the strange events that are taking place in Halich; and urged on by his love for king and country to use his wits, Michael proves to be a true hero.

Halich, the city where the nations are gathering, is described with such knowledge and skill that the reader can fairly see its beautiful towers and strong walls. The tribes and nations represented there at this time are wonderfully described, Greeks, Lithuanians, Bulgarians, Tartars, Hungarians, Czechs, and Poles. One feels that some tremendously important event is about to happen,—the suspense of having all these countries usually at war, now gathered together in an ominous peace.

Mr. Kelly captures the spirit of the Polish city as no one else could—the reader feels completely at home in a superb and unusual setting.

THE LONE STAR OF COURAGE. By GEORGE L. KNAPP. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by MITCHELL V. CHARNLEY

YOU find it hard to believe, when you read Mr. Knapp's tale of the stirring days of the fight of Americans in Texas for freedom from Mexico, that he was not the participant in those days he represents himself to be, so well has he written his story. Young Perry Farnham, the boy who tells the tale as its main character, is a vital and a warmblooded boy; and the things you hear through his lips are so well portrayed, the history and the characters brought in so obviously matters of fact, that the whole yarn takes on an amazing semblance of reality.

We know of no other book for boys which shows so clearly the historical background of events leading up to the Alamo, Goliad, San Jacinto. Nor is there any other which treats these valiant occasions so realistically, so straightforwardly and so completely without sentimentality and mock heroics. Mr. Knapp has taken history and woven it into a fascinating fiction tale; and he has put enough of the personality of his boy, enough of the boy's problem, into it to make it very much more than a mere chronological account of the days of Santa Anna and Sam Houston.

This book, the jacket tells you, is Mr. Knapp's favorite among the stories he has written for boys. There's good reason. It's an outstanding historical tale, and deserves a place on any American boy's bookshelf.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries received cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

A. E. W., Gouverneur, New York, asks me to name fifteen outstanding books that have been instrumental in determining lines of thought in the national life of America.

BOOKS that have turned the deeper currents of our thought and profoundly influenced the national mind are not so likely to figure on a list like this. They work slowly: by the time one reaches mass consciousness and works out in action it is usually as an impulse, a frame of mind that has worked loose from authorship and become, so far as the general public realizes, anonymous as folklore. Thousands had the world changed for them by the doctrine of the categorical imperative: millions are now having it changed by the theory of relativity—for though the universe keeps on doing business not only at the same old stand but in the same old way, it changes for us every time we change our minds about it. Philosophers and mathematicians of the higher ranges, but slightly related to the human race, speaking a language of their own and looking at life from a standpoint and after a manner definitely non-human, must be interpreted by the little group of listeners to whom alone they can speak, to a somewhat larger circle of their followers by whom again the word is passed on, popularized, diluted, and denatured. If the first circle is one of teachers, like Bergson's immediate following, the idea travels from the centre to the outer edge rapidly enough for a certain number of general readers some years ago to realize that their lives had been influenced by Bergson. If the revolutionary idea is one that catches at once the imagination of artists in words, color, or music, so that they straightway create in terms of this new idea, as they are now doing under the influence of the theory of relativity, it becomes possible for many plain private citizens to recognize that Einstein has had an effect on their surroundings. But the only sure way to discover the fifteen books that most influenced the national consciousness of America during the course of her history would be, I suppose, to send out a questionnaire to the American section of the Elysian Fields. I've often had a notion that their Hall of Fame may have a different assortment of statues from ours.

But it would be easy enough to assemble fifteen books whose influence could be discerned for a fairly long time after their publication, as one comes at sea upon the wake of a ship already over the horizon. I have come upon such traces often enough in the course of the past year or so: being in the neighborhood of the British Museum and commissioned to write the article on American Literature for Weedon's Modern Encyclopedia, I gave myself the luxury of reading, in the original edition, every book of the Colonial period mentioned in that survey, and in the preparation of three successive anthologies of American stories of the past—by the way, the new one, "Golden Tales of New England," is just coming from the press—it was necessary to go through the fiction of the country, North and South, since the Revolution. One of these books was certainly Cotton Mather's "Magnalia Christi Americana: or, the Ecclesiastical History of New England, from its First Planting, in the year 1620, unto the year of our Lord 1698." Published in 1702, long after the Revolution, the grandmother in Mrs. Stowe's "Oldtown Folks" is calling "You come here and let me read you about them in my Magnaly here," and children gathering, never tired of these "legends, wonderful and stirring, of the solemn old forest life—of fights with the Indians and thrilling adventures, and captivities and distresses." The concept of the establishment of New England as a plantation of God in the wilderness has not yet altogether worked out of the fringe of the American mind, and the long, strong popularity of this work, whose second edition had 1168 octavo pages, did more than anything else in print to fix it there. Mrs. Stowe called Jonathan Edwards another of these formative forces: "he sawed the great dam and let out the whole waters of discussion over all New England," said she, and called Emerson "the last result of that current set in motion." But if I were voting for the strongest popular influence of this period I would plump for Michael Wigglesworth, whose "Day of Doom" was the fireside reading of our forefathers for a century. No wonder it was: I am afraid to copy out one jingling verse, for if once I let it get into my head it won't get out for a month. To Parson Weems's life of Washington we owe not only the ikon lately become the spoil of iconoclasts, but the first culture-hero of our middle-aged mythology. Thomas Paine's shoulder was at the wheel of the Revolution. Franklin's autobiography operates today in the making of the self-made; people still read it, believe it, build on it. I wish John Woolman's influence were half so strong.

The ideas of Emerson were like those seeds of trees that sprout in graveyards, splitting great stones apart. "Leaves of Grass" works now in the lives of men who never read Whitman. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" may not have really brought on the war, as they say Lincoln said, but it did give drive and direction to the conviction that it was a righteous war. This is one of the few American novels with traceable effects on legislation or social reform, such as came about in England as the result of Galsworthy's "Justice," or earlier through "Nicholas Nickleby" or Charles Reade's "Hard Cash." "Ramona" might be called another, for though it seems not greatly to have changed Indian legislation, its vast and continuing popularity must have softened our sentiments toward Indians, who up to that time had been used in fiction largely to bite the dust. "The Jungle" is so far as I know the only other American novel to which resulting legislative action may be traced.

Whoso doubts the importance of McGuffey's readers upon the formation of American character in the mid-years of the last century should consult Mark Sullivan's "Our Times" (Scribner) which makes out a strong case for them. "Little Women" still influences the American home, for many a mother feels herself somehow a failure because her daughters do not cling to her as the Alcott girls clung to Marmee in Concord in the 'sixties. That book is so incorrigibly alive it makes us even now sometimes forget that some attitudes in it are as out of date as the Grecian Bend.

The effect of "Main Street" was all the stronger because it stung us into violent denial—denial so violent that we rapidly began to question it ourselves. Since it appeared I have been often taken about in a motor through the streets of some town I am for the first time seeing, and until quite recently my host, on turning into the chief thoroughfare, was more than likely to say—"and *this* is—ahem Main Street," and say it with an air little short of hang-dog. I have heard a dinner-table speech on the residential advantages of a certain city deflate like a pricked balloon when someone across the table murmured "Babbitt!"

It is too soon to say what other novels, if any, have swayed us since then. But there can be no doubt of the effect of one piece of non-fiction: "The Economic Consequences of the Peace," by J. M. Keynes. And of course if we let foreigners into this discussion, if ever anyone put a torpedo under the ark it was Dr. Freud of Vienna.

C. W. B., New York, asks where to find a poem by Thomas D'Arcy McGee, beginning "Why are children's eyes so bright?" saying: "McGee was an Irish patriot with O'Connor; he came to the United States but found his compatriots here not altogether disinterested and went to Ottawa, where, I believe, he died." The poem, called "A Small Catechism" is in "Canadian Ballads and Occasional Verses," Thomas D'Arcy McGee, M.P.P.; Lovell, Montreal, 1858. It begins:

Why are children's eyes so bright?
Tell me why.
'Tis because the Infinite
Which they've left is still in sight,
And they know no worldly blight—
Therefore 'tis their eyes are bright.
Why do children speak so free?
Tell me why.
'Tis because from fallacy,
Cant, and seeming, they are free:
Hearts, not lips, their organs be—
Therefore 'tis they speak so free.

There are two more stanzas; perhaps a Canadian correspondent will tell me an anthology in which it now appears.

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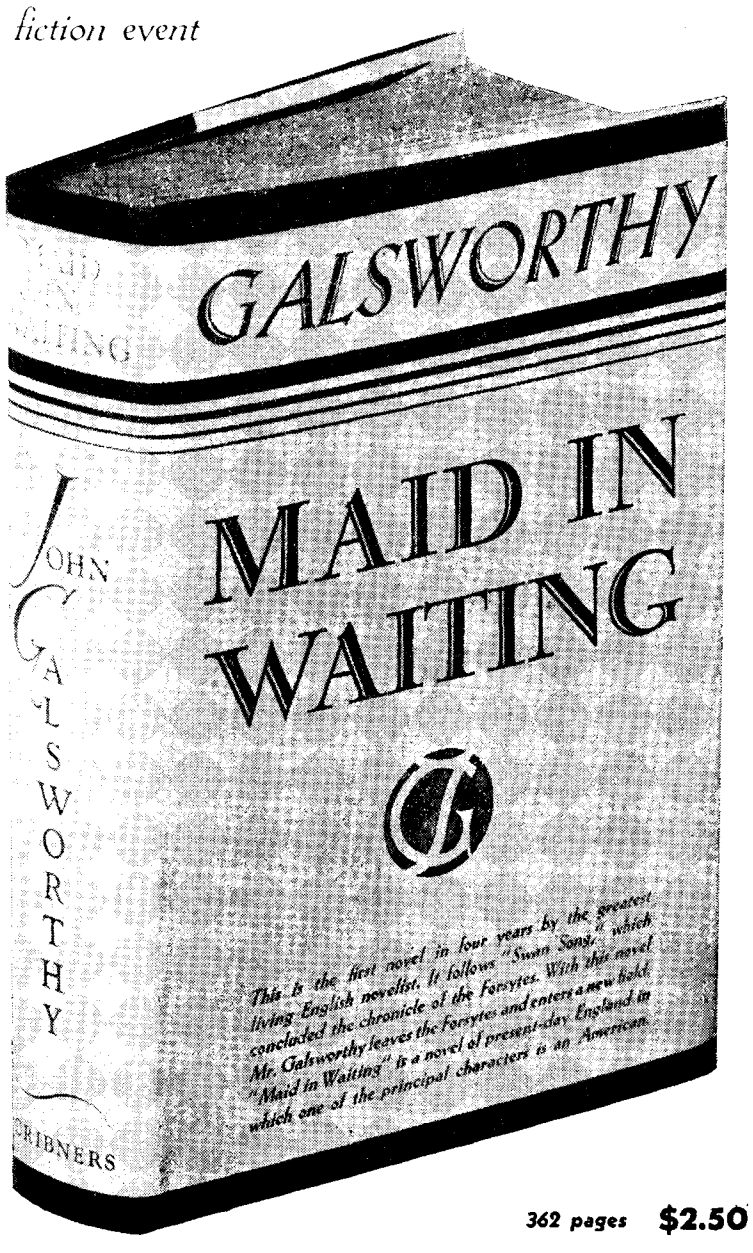
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Bells and Balloons

(*Continued from page* 281)

in conception is "Poor Shaydullah," for which Boris Artzybasheff has written his own story. It is a story that will delight half grown boys with its rich humor and wisdom as it will all who draw their philosophy of life from deeper wells than popular outlines. Mr. Artzybasheff has created a character who makes one laugh and think—a character who has inspired a series of drawings which are at once gorgeous fun and freer expressions of his mastery of technique than anything he has yet done. The frightened Shaydullah holding conference with the frightened lion is alone worth a king's ransom.

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Picture Story Books

Reviewed by MARY B. GRAY

ROBBERS IN THE GARDEN. A Mystery Story for Children. Told and Illustrated by MARION BULLARD. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1931. $2.

BUSHY BOY AND THE FOX HOUNDS. By RUTH CAMPBELL. Illustrated by HOWARD HASTINGS. New York: Sears Publishing Co. 1931. $1.50.

MOSTLY MARY. By GWYNEDEL RAE. Illustrated by AUDREY HARRIS. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1931. $1.

LITTLE ARTHUR. By GRACE GILKISON. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1931. $1.50.

THE PILGRIM'S PARTY, a Really Truly Story. By SADYEBETH and ANSON LOWITZ. Illustrated by the latter. New York: Richard R. Smith. 1931. $1.50.

MAMIE. A Little Girl of 1875. Told and Illustrated by EDNA POTTER. New York: Oxford University Press. 1931. $1.

LITTLE HENRY AND THE TIGER. By FELICITÉ LE FÈBRE. Illustrated by ERICK BERRY. New York: Harper & Bros. 1931. $1.50.

PAPA PEACOCK. A Truly Tempting Tale. By FELICITÉ LE FÈBRE. Decorations by SONIA GARGARIN. New York: Brewer, Warren & Putnam. 1931. $2.

TRUM PETER'S TEA PARTY. Written and Illustrated by PHILIP NESBIT. New York: Coward-McCann. 1931. $1.50.

THE picture-story books this year for young readers are a real delight to review so high is the average standard of both writing and illustrations.

At the top of the list for the six to ten year olds we have put an amusing junior version of the grown-up detective story called "Robbers in the Garden," by Marion Bullard. The mystery concerns the theft of various articles of food, flowers, and bird eggs from the cellar and garden of a lady called Marion who tries by the aid of Detective Toad to discover the robbers. The birds and animals of the place are all drawn in as the plot thickens. We catch a glimpse of dreadful villainy when the woodchuck, the skunk, the hare, and gray cat meet to plan further mischief and the atmosphere is enough to make the shivers creep up the backs of youthful listeners for a few seconds. Then the thieves are caught and make honest repentance in good old-fashioned style so that the child may sigh and turn over to a sleep without bad dreams.

Similar to this in excitement and happy ending, but not nearly so good either as to writing or pictures is the story of a fox hunt called "Bushy Boy and the Fox Hound," in which we follow the chase of a foolish young fox who just manages to avoid the pursuing hounds long enough to fall through a hole in an old stump that leads to mother and safety.

A third animal story, less exciting than the first two, but amusing, and of better literary quality than the second is "Mostly Mary," a tale of some big and little bears in the bear pit at Berne,—Mary being a very naughty and engaging young cub whose adventures would not seem exactly natural to the naturalist, but quite so to the small boy or girl. It is very simply illustrated in black and white sketches.

Also humorous and in good English is the tale of "Little Arthur" whom we might call a six year old Dr. Dolittle, except that his mother has more sayso as to whether the animals he brings home shall stay in the garden than has Dr. Dolittle's sister about his house. The polite elephant who holds up the clothesline all day with his trunk is allowed to stay, but not the goat, nor the python. Very amusing if you like that kind of humor, and most children do; with full-page illustrations in color by the author in the same serio-comic vein as the text.

For children who prefer their amusement in real history rather than animal fairy tales there is a story,—three quarters done in pictures and one quarter in text, of the landing and early life of the Pilgrims. Both pictures and text present a slightly ironical view of the affair in the spirit of Bill Nye or H. G. Wells rather than of school text books, so that this book, which is called "The Pilgrim's Party, a Really Truly Story," should not be given to a child for the sake of increasing his respect for his ancestors, but rather as an educational and not vulgar substitute for the comic strip in the newspaper.

Lastly for little girls who like to read the adventures of another little girl who looked very good, but could be a little bit naughty, we have a very charming picture-story book in the Kate Greenaway manner, but with a Czechoslovakian color scheme by Edna Potter. It is called "Mamie, A Little Girl of 1875." Mamie helps herself to some of the grocer's peanuts while on an errand for her mother, then things go wrong until she tells first her mother and then the grocer about it, and even after that "it was half an hour before she could enjoy walking tight-rope on the high board fence" as we see her doing in the final illustration.

For even younger children—say four to seven—we have grouped three other picture-story books which are so good that we would not know how to choose among them.

The first, "Little Henry and the Tiger," is a larger, more elaborate and glorified Peter Rabbit sort of book—running story with picture comment, or vice-versa which ever way you choose to look at it. The story concerns a very polite and kind-hearted boy in India who lets a deceitful tiger out of a cage. The full-page illustrations in soft colors make the small boy and the tiger both most attractive.

By the same author, Felicité Le Fèbre, but with a different publisher and quite a different make-up and a color scheme of blue and gold, is a small book called "Papa Peacock," which sets forth how the peacock taught all the birds to bow politely except the swallows who had to go south before they learned. To point his moral Papa Peacock tells of a jackal who never forgot to bow to a monkey who later saved his life.

Even cleverer from an artistic standpoint is "Trum Peter's Tea Party," where lions rolling their eyes in a very original manner, dancing horses in red sashes and zebra sisters standing at attention under a palm tree will appeal to the older people's sense of humor quite as much, if not more, than to that of the children. The text is as fantastic as the pictures—which is scarcely strange since both are by Philip Nesbit himself.

THE ROVING LOBSTER. By ARTHUR MASON. New York. Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1931. $1.50.

LESS appealing, perhaps, than his fantasies of Irish faery, yet very spirited and poetical is Arthur Mason's "Roving Lobster," intended for children of eight years and more (*ad infinitum*). It is the tale of a peculiarly engaging lobster who, caught in an intrigue perpetrated by the stars on the bottom of the sea, said farewell to the cockles and mussels, the haddock and hake, and hove for the shore. His adventures on land, which finally brought him, a wiser but happier lobster, back to the sea again, are very odd, for this is no commonplace crustacean. He is a philosopher and poet, who sees the world, even after the loss of his Sunrise Spectacles, in a most unusual way. Besides, he carries in his weather-bag such delightful articles as a foggy jumper, extract of icicles, and a mermaid's meshy hairnet, though he did forget his sea-bottom echoes. All this is charming, but perhaps a trifle too richly imaginative. A little salt of realism would be a bridge into this other world. Yet more beautiful imagery and musical speech could scarcely be found anywhere, nor such spirited telling as keeps us interested to the last.

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Michigan Printing

EARLY PRINTING IN MICHIGAN. By DOUGLAS C. MCMURTRIE. Chicago: John Calhoun Club. 1931. 250 copies. $8.

EARLY PRINTING IN WISCONSIN. By DOUGLAS MCMURTRIE. Seattle: Frank McCaffrey. 1931.

THESE two ample volumes represent a study of the early typographical history of the former Territory of Michigan, now the two states of Michigan and Wisconsin. They constitute a very substantial portion of that study of the early history of printing in America which Mr. McMurtrie has undertaken, a study which has already brought forth many pamphlets and smaller volumes.

The history of printing in Michigan, hitherto believed to have had its inception in 1809, has been carried back to a sixteen page pamphlet of an Act of Congress, printed by John McCall at Detroit in 1796, discovered by Mr. McMurtrie in the preparation of this volume. In Wisconsin, the earliest date is uncertain, for the author gives the Chippewa almanac of 1833 with a query, leaving the political broadside of 1835 as the first sure date.

The Michigan volume is unhappily a most ugly piece of book-making—printed on paper so heavy and stiff as to make the book almost impossible to use. It is difficult to understand what should have prompted the use of such paper, since the value of the volume to historians and students is so great that every care should have been used to make it usable. There are chapters on the history of printing in Michigan, a bibliography, many illustrations (properly reduced as line blocks), and a full index.

The book devoted to Wisconsin printing is in every way a pleasanter one to handle. It is a good-sized quarto, the biographical, bibliographical, and reference portions printed in double column—a good bibliographical custom. The addition of the biographical index by Mr. Arthur H. Allen is a useful feature. There are also the same paraphernalia as in the Michigan volume—lists of books and newspapers an introductory essay of some length, and a good index.

As I have pointed out before, printing in pioneer countries suffers as do all the arts: nevertheless it is of first importance that the records of the press should be minutely examined and recorded by competent hands. Only a student of the particular subject is qualified to gauge the accuracy of these accounts, but so far as a fairly careful examination would show, Mr. McMurtrie has done his work in a thorough and painstaking manner. He has gone to original sources in practically all cases, and his bibliographical lists seem to meet all ordinary requirements. The illustrations are numerous and the indices are full. These two volumes, as well as the one devoted to Utah and issued recently, bring the records of the state presses in three American commonwealths up to about the middle of the nineteenth century, and form a contribution of very great value to students of printing in a field hitherto ignored or very inadequately covered. R.

Tom O' Bedlam

TOM O' BEDLAM AND HIS SONG. By ARTHUR MACHEN. New York: Apellicon Press. 1930. 200 copies. $7.50.

TOM OF BEDLAM'S SONG. Introduction and Notes by DAVID GREENHOOD. San Francisco: Helen Gentry. 1931. $5.75.

IT seems not wholly an inappropriate time to issue the mad man's song in the present state of the world's affairs. And Arthur Machen, whose book was issued last year, may have had in mind in writing his introduction the futile realism of great engineers, captains of industry, investment bankers, who have solemnly allowed the world to slide into chaos; at least Tom o' Bedlam cannot be accused of having had any influence in the practical world's affairs! And Bedlam itself—the familiar diminutive of Bethlehem Hospital for the Insane in London—cannot be essentially different from a table of College and City at the Graduates' Club trying to explain how the depression came about and how long it will last!

Out from Bethlehem Hospital, crowded beyond endurance, went the harmless lunatics who roamed England until early in the eighteenth century, who were called "Tom o' Bedlams." Supposedly one such lunatic in the days of Queen Elizabeth wrote the essence of this song, whereto were added some few lines at a later date. The first appearance is in "Giles Earle's Song Book," a British Museum MS. dated 1615, whence it has been lifted for use in succeeding books, notably by Mr. Frank Sidgwick in an article in the *London Mercury* of March, 1923. Both of the editions now under review acknowledge indebtedness to that essay.

The importance of Mr. Machen's edition is in his essay which introduces it—a caustic arraignment of realism. The printing is by Richard Ellis of the Georgian Press, the type being a modified Bodoni letter which appears to advantage here.

The edition printed by Helen Gentry is a small volume, interestingly set in Poliphilus type, with pertinent decorations by Lowell Hawk. This volume is very completely edited, and contains some poems inspired by Tom's song, and a bibliography. R.

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This month marks the peak of *The Inner Sanctum's* publication program for the entire year. Although still adhering steadfastly to the founders' policy of a small list intensively promoted, your correspondents find themselves (owing to the exigencies of editorial and production delays) crowding seven new books into the month of November.

The schedule follows:

November 5—*Phantom Fame, the Anatomy of Ballyhoo*, by HARRY REICHENBACH and DAVID FREEDMAN (Foreword by WALTER WINCHELL)
November 6—*Successful Living in the Machine Age*, by EDWARD A. FILENE
November 7—*Free Wheeling*, by OGDEN NASH
November 10—*A Program for America* by WILL DURANT
November 12—*Eyes on Russia*, by MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE. (Foreword by MAURICE HINDUS)
November 20—*The Book of Ballyhoo*. Edited by NORMAN ANTHONY and the BROTHERS ZILCH
November 27—*Bernard Shaw*, by FRANK HARRIS

A complete *Inner Sanctum* column might well be devoted to proclaiming each of these new books, but for the moment this department will become a three-ring show, in order to salute three of the authors whose latest works are released this week. All hail, then, and a renewed presentation of laurel and palm to

THE LATE HARRY REICHENBACH—
(who made a profession out of a racket)

that King-maker of Broadway, that Ripleyesque producer of phantom fame, who took up America's liveliest art where P. T. BARNUM *left it off, . . . who made a handcuff king out of a man who couldn't even get out of his own nightshirt, . . . who "put over"* SEPTEMBER MORN, THREE WEEKS, THE VIRGIN OF STAMBOUL, TARZAN OF THE APES, RUDOLPH VALENTINO, *et al: . . . and who, with the aid of an adroit collaborator,* DAVID FREEDMAN, *set down the true anatomy of ballyhoo (and sometimes vice versa) . . . the hilarious secrets of his incomparable exploits in manipulating the gullibilities of the American herd.*

OGDEN NASH—*murderer of the King's English*

that prince of poets and incorrigible perpetrator of HARD LINES *who like Abou Ben Adhem, awoke one morning, from a dream of peace, to find himself famous, . . . who disclosed the private life of the oyster in a couplet that was heard around the world, . . . and who now offers to a breathlessly impatient universe the new* NASH, *called, and equipped with,* FREE WHEELING, *plus four-wheel brakes, Frigidaire, built-in bookcases, Gotham adjustables, guarantee against sheep-dip, wood-burning fireplace and maid service.*

WILL DURANT—*a philosopher who wants to do something about it*

the man who made metaphysics live and dance and sing, who now practices what he preaches by stepping from the sacred groves of abstract contemplation to confront the realities of the world we live in . . . who now analyzes the present economic crisis and suggests a way out . . . who views America in its totality, and endeavors to put to rout the counsel of despair so rampant in high places . . . who now finds that basic plans which he set down in manuscript last Spring are now actually being studied and tested by bankers and statesmen . . . who puts before the bar of public opinion a genuine PROGRAM FOR AMERICA.

ESSANDESS.

The PHŒNIX NEST

THE most beautiful book we have seen of late is *A. Tolmer's* "Miseen-Page: The Theory and Practice of Lay-out," published by Studio Ltd., London, and William Edwin Rudge in this city at 475 Fifth Avenue — and also, we may add, at twelve dollars. But the gorgeousness of the book is certainly worth the price. We first saw the volume down at *Bill Hall's*, as did our *Mr. Morley* of The Bowling Green and *Marcella Burns Hahner* of Marshall Field in Chicago, not to mention other eminents. We think that advertising has more crimes lying upon its doorsill than we could well number—but this book is a dream. It is advertising raised to an art. *Monsieur Tolmer himself* designed the format and lay-out of the book. If you desire a deep and lasting esthetic pleasure, just look through its pages. . . .

We wish to quote one little bit of text in it which should be pasted up in the manufacturing departments of all publishing houses. It concerns title-pages:

> The first page of a book should open with the same effect as the rising of the curtain at a theatre. Before the actors have spoken, the décor should make us want to hear them. . . .

We have been having the most awful time getting our curtains hung, and we have also been grappling with the problem of getting a chair covered. Large department stores have funny ways of doing these things. First they send some material to cover the chair. Then they send a man to cut the material; but we are out; so the man who came to cut the material goes away leaving a notice that he has been and gone and will return on Monday. On Monday we stay in so that we can let him in, but he doesn't come on Monday and on Tuesday, when we are out, he is in, so to speak, and so on. Finally we happen to coincide and the material is cut and fitted. It is then all thrown into a bag and the man departs, dusting his hands and informing us that the store will call for the bag as well as for the package of scraps that he had removed from our rug after the fitting was completed. But so far, though we have left notices with the superintendent of the house, no one has come to remove the material in order to make up the chair-cover. Again, we receive a most official-looking communication, informing us that the curtains will arrive on a certain date, when they must be paid for on delivery, but that they cannot then be hung in the windows, though an appointment will be made by telephone for some one to wait on us at an early date in order to hang them. The curtains do not, of course, arrive on the certain date; three days later they arrive when we are, again, in the midst of taking a shower, and we get to the door just in time to prevent the boy from taking them away again. We then have to sit down at our desk and draw all our money out of the bank by cheque in order to pay for them. Inasmuch as we feel pretty lousy anyway, and it is a mizzling morning, this just about extinguishes in our breast any spark of belief we may have in the brotherhood of man or the considerateness of large corporations. In desperation we ask the boy if he couldn't hang the curtains anyway, but he says no, he can't do nothing, he's from the warehouse. After he has gone we reproach ourself for visiting the sins of a large department store upon the head of an innocent and blank-minded boy who only came from the warehouse. But it makes us awfully irritable jumping in and out of showers that way! . . .

We have finished "The Silver Eagle: A Chicago Novel," by *W. R. Burnett*, published by Lincoln MacVeagh, and if we read any more books or see any more pictures that end with an automobile coming round the corner and bumping off several of the principal characters—well, all right, you see if we don't! After an orgy of reading about and witnessing gangster and racketeer fiction we are completely fed up. Most of the people in it are of a mentality which bores us to extinction. In the present novel the society people Burnett introduces are little better than the others. At first it was interesting to read how this animalia that makes such a lot of the money, talks and walks around. But a little of it goes a long way. It is always exciting to read about sudden death. Otherwise this book seemed almost as boresome as the actual lives of the actual people. Which says something for its verisimilitude; but verisimilitude is a long way from first-base in literature. . . .

Recently came the deaths of two gentlemen to whom the United States owes much. *William A. Rogers* was probably the most influential political cartoonist since *Thomas Nast*. He used also to draw for *Harper's, The Century, Life*, and *St. Nicholas* in the old days. He developed a style that said "W. A. Rogers" all over it. He won deserved fame. *Rev. Dr. Everett T. Tomlinson* wrote boys' books that sold *in toto* about two million copies. He was born and died in New Jersey. He was a Baptist minister. His last book was issued about ten years ago, but all who were boys about the time we were remember his books. The adventures of the youngsters of whom he wrote usually took place against an historical and martial background; the Revolutionary, the Civil, or the Indian wars. Peace to his ashes! . . .

And, speaking of boys' books, *Ward Greene*, author of "Cora Potts" and "Ride the Nightmare," tells us something concerning one of our prime favorites among writers of boys' books, namely *Kirk Munroe*. One evening it turned out that both Greene and ourself had been addicted to this author at different times. Ensued reminiscences. We have great memories of "Rick Dale" and of "The Painted Desert." Kirk Munroe was a boss writer for boys. Now it seems that the widow of this notable writer is endeavoring to get in touch with Mr. Munroe's old friends and readers to collect material for a biography of her husband which she is writing. In his time he corresponded with a great many of his juvenile readers. He was editor of *Harper's Round Table* in the '80's and '90's. We hope that all former readers and friends of Kirk Munroe will send to Mrs. Munroe any letters or reminiscences they may possess. Address her at 3760 Leafy Way, Coconut Grove, Florida. . . .

We are informed that *Arthur D. Howden Smith*, who recently published through Lippincott a novel, "The Eagle's Shadow," had never read the early novel by *James Branch Cabell* which originally bore that title, and afterward tried his best—as did his publishers—to find another name for his book. All we can say is, having rather rabid views on this matter of titles, "Nevertheless—." . . .

Our grandmother, like all grandmothers, used to have a scrapbag from which she could fish various pieces of all sorts of material for all sorts of uses in household sewing and patching. We have been putting things into our own sort of scrapbag lately, bits of verse that occur to us now and then; and we intend from time to time to introduce them here under that general title. So here goes

SCRAP-BAG (Instalment One)

MEDITATION

I marvel on the devastating quarrels,
The poisoned passion, the bitter endless throes
Of folk who pride themselves upon their morals. . . .
But then there'd be no novelists, I suppose.

POSTSCRIPT

And if no novelists, who are so bewilderin',
Perhaps the bedevilled brain could take a rest
And settle down simply to wife and children
And a little gray home in the West.

MANIFESTO

"Communication is not the artist's function!"
But one is led to doubt, I grieve to state,
Whether the framers of that fond injunction
Really have anything to communicate.

THE TROUBLE WITH LIFE

The trouble with life is partly seeing double
And liking ladies quite as much as fizz;
But then beyond that there's the old, old trouble
Of not quite knowing just what the trouble is!

THE PHŒNICIAN.

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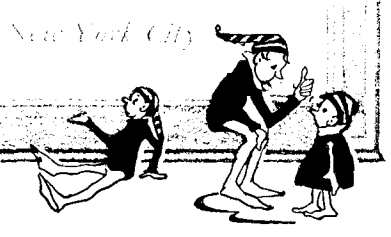

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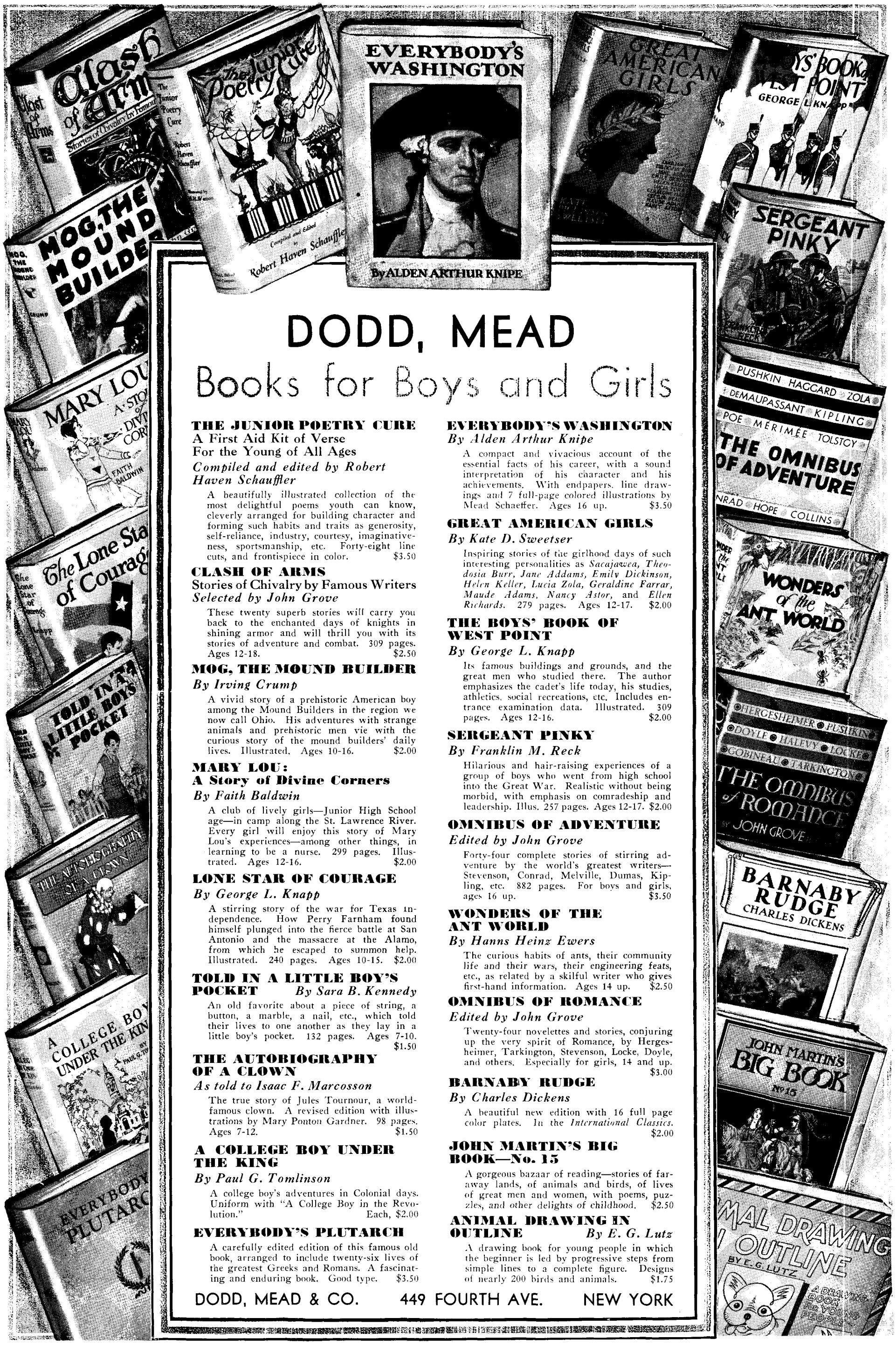

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